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OCTOBER 2007 #129

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HORNY COVERGIRLS MARLIE & SOPHIA:

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SHOCKING: LIFE-SIZE DP PICS! PAGE 113

50 WAYS TO IMPRESS A CHICK!

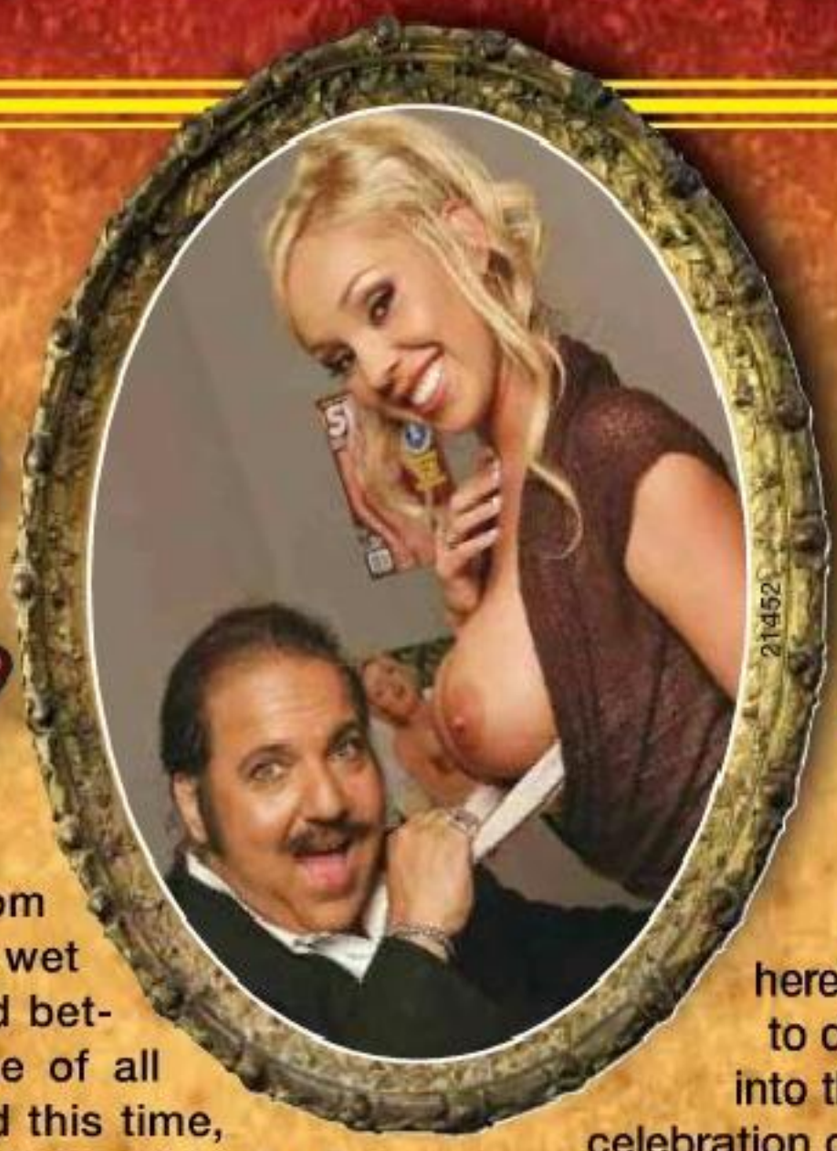
AMATEUR ANNA'S 2 FINGER PUSSY STRETCH!

THOSE WERE THE LAYS: THE FIRST TIME I MET JOHN HOLMES!

XXX Video inside

RON JEREMY GOES BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE SURREAL LIFE!

Swank Talk



From big tits to tight slits, from crammed asses to super wet gashes, ***SWANK*** is back and better than ever for your monthly dose of all things smutty! Ron Jeremy here, and this time, things get really nasty really quick! We start it all off with *Alana's* shaved clam, move to *Daria* riding the pole, get into it with our centerfold, *Eileen*, as she crams her a-hole with her own digits, and finish things off with a DP fuck-a-thon between *Cherry* and two cocks!

Of course, there's a ton more action — we're just here to get you to dive deeper into the ultimate celebration of fornication, found right here in ***SWANK***! Have fun, fuckers!

-Ron Jeremy & Mary Carey

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Contents

34
Natasha
Plays with her tits!

42
Ron's Jeremy's XXX Reality
Our "Surreal Life" star!

46
Marlie & Sophia
Muff diving delight!

6
Alana
Sweet and petite!

18
Mary's Mailbox
Lick my stamp!

20
Daria & James
Pole ridin' pussy!

30
Facts
We'll help you get laid!

56
Fiction
Put a helmet on that soldier!

60
Wanted: Anna
Dildo fun!

66
Those Were The Lays
Remembering John Holmes!

70
Kat
Meow!

80
Stuff
Gotta get it!

82
Eileen
Cum on?

94
Horny Devils
Hellish hard-ons!

106
Porn Theater
Jerking room only!

110
Cherry, Frank & Bob
Eurofuck!

118
Kelli
Delicious slit!

129
Martina
Mami rica!

96
3-D Porn
Did you get your free glasses yet?

98
Nea
Wants dick!

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Periodicals postage paid at Poughkeepsie, NY and additional offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to: Magazine Services, Dept. Hometown, P.O. Box 9863, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310. Subscriptions (one year) U.S. $36.97, Canada $48.97, all others $54.47. All orders must be in U.S. funds. PRINTED IN USA.

The records, if any, required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. ß 2257 and 28 C.F.R. ß 75 are located at the office of the publisher, Swank Publications, Inc., 210 Route 4 East, Suite 211, Paramus, New Jersey 07652-5103, R. Ferriaoli, Custodian of Records. The maintenance of these records and the notice hereby given is not to be deemed an admission that the Publisher and the Distributor are the producers or distributors of material depicting actual sexually explicit conduct. Published 6/27/2007.

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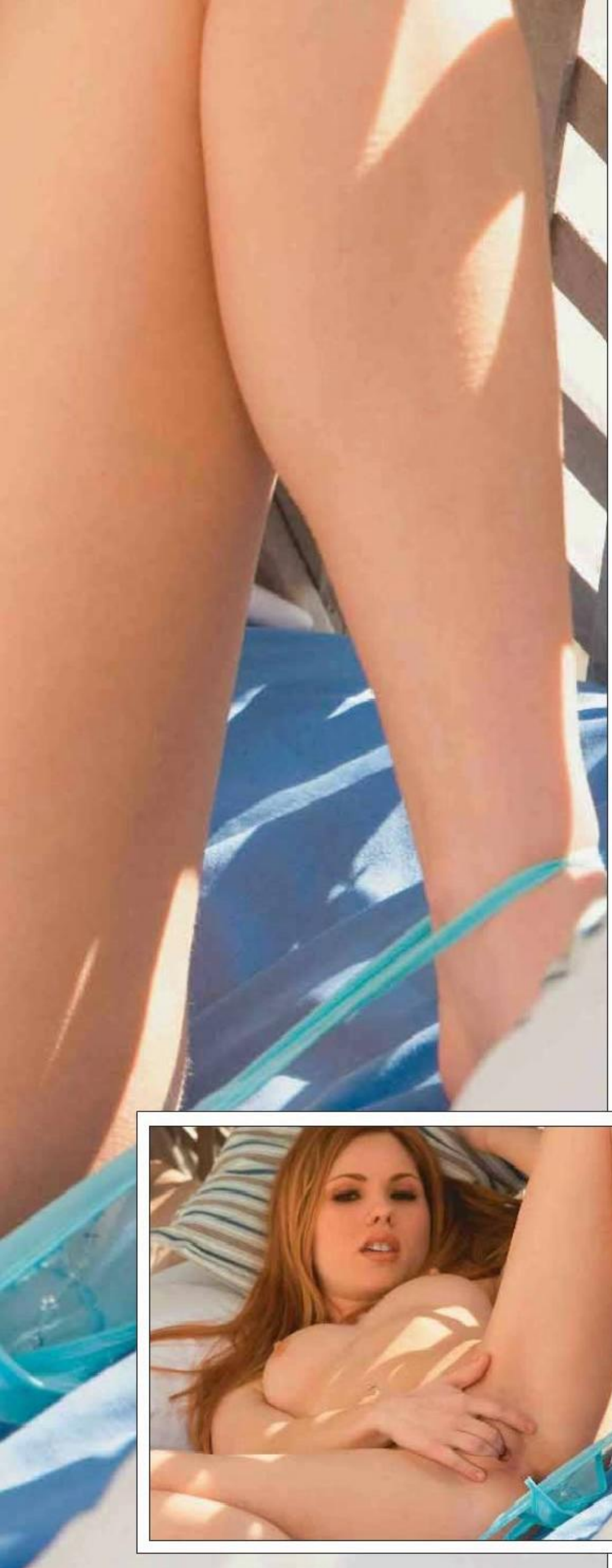

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Here's your chance to catch up on what you've missed in SWANK.

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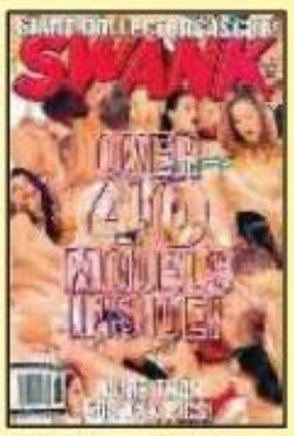

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Swank

Mary's Mail Bag

Sealed With A Nasty Kiss!

Text by Mary Carey

Welcome to another month of Mary's Mail Bag! Know why? Because the mail just keeps on cumming—just like I do when I get laid! Hee! Hee! That's a good one, and it's true! Every month after each issue my desk is piled high with thousands of letters from ***SWANK***'s faithful readers, and one of my jobs is to go through them all and find the best to respond to! And it's one of my ***SWANK*** co-publisher responsibilities that I love and hate! I love it because so many of you say such wonderful things about me! And I hate it because I can't print them all—just a small handful each month! Boohoo! Well, what can I do? That's porno publishing for you! So, here goes, sweeties! Another hot sampling from Mary's Mail Bag, ya gotta love it!

Hot Hot Cover!

Wow! What can I say but wow! About your June 2007 cover picture! Wow again! Two gorgeous girls, dressed like whores, and going at it? ***SWANK*** has nailed it baby! And the layout inside the mag! Do you want to know how many times I've jerked off to Sandy and Bobbi? Okay, too much information, but you get my point! Damn! Licking pussies! Fingering assholes! Strap-on fucking! What more can a horny dude ask for? Just one question—these girls, are they real-deal lesbos? Just banging for the camera? Bi-sexual? What's the story behind layouts like these? Thanks again Mary for Sandy and Bobbi, and keep up the good work!

Jim C.
Houston, TX

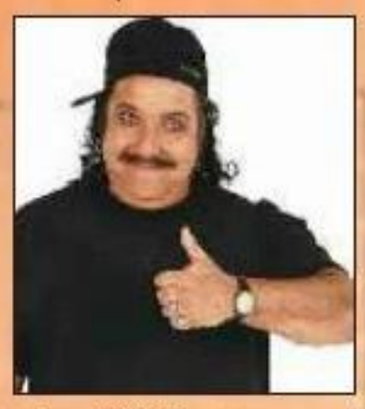
MARY: Hey Jim! Glad you had fun jerking off over the Sandy and Bobbi pix, because guess what? I did the same thing! Heehee! What hot pussy huh? Well, that's just what ***SWANK*** tries to do every month, bring you the most beautiful women in the world! As for the back-story about girls-doing-girls in photo layouts, there's a lot I can say about it, but space is short, so let me give you a condensed version. The chicks in porn mag layouts are almost all porn stars and strippers, and as most of you know, most porn stars and a lot of stripper are at least bi-sexual, or at least don't mind a little muff-diving now and then—especially if they are getting paid for it!

So in-other-words, it completely depends on the specific girls involved as to their exact sexual sit-

POST CARD

uation in life. Are they gay-for-pay? Lipstick lesbos? Hardcore dykes? They could be anything, as for Sandy and Bobbi—I'll never tell, and in the end, who cares, they made us both spunk!

Ron In The Raw



I have to hand it to you guys for giving us the scoop on Ron Jeremy every month—obviously a brilliant move that you hired him as co-publisher of ***SWANK*** right before he became a real international superstar with his new book out and his stint on "Fame Games." The one thing missing from these mainstream things we see him in all the time is the XXX-factor, and ***SWANK*** fills it in perfectly. I loved his monthly column last time in the June 2007 edition where he talks about reviving his own self-directed porn series, "Ron Jeremy On The Loose." I mean, where else are you going to get this X-news right from the horse's mouth, along with the hardcore pictures? Thanks again ***SWANK***, you rule!

Bert R.
Stanford, CA

MARY: I agree! Ron is not only a great co-publisher, but he fills in all the X-type gaps in his super-sexclusive monthly column that the mainstream media has to leave out—that's why ***SWANK*** is such indispensable reading each month for all you Ron Jeremy-aholics out there. You think this all happens by accident? Not! When ***SWANK*** hired me and Ron to run things around here they nailed it good!

Likes The X-Rated Ads?

Mary, you want to hear something really strange? You know one of the things I like best about ***SWANK***? The ads! No shit, those like hundred pages in a row of XXX ads you run in the back of the magazine every month? I love them! Now, I know you put those in there because they pay you, that's how you make money. But shit, all those pictures of all those girls? All those fun sex acts just a phone call, website, or postage stamp away? Hell, I wank off on them all the time. I am wondering now if there are any other readers of ***SWANK*** out there who feel the same way, but just feel strange about talking about it? We're like sex advertisement fetishists, know what I mean? Anyway, if there is any way maybe you could put some of us in touch with each other, it might be fun. Thanks Mary!

Ryan G.
Fort Worth, TX

MARY: Ha! That's a first one for us here at ***SWANK*** Ryan, you dig the ads! I love it! Well, yes, of course we sell advertising as an important source of revenue for our magazine, but I agree, they can be sexy as hell as well! Indeed just flipping through all the pages of them, between the pix and the words, I can see how they are a turn-on, and then if you decide to partake of any of the "services" offered, that's quite a sexual charge-up right there! As for getting in touch with others who are attracted to X-rated advertisements, hmmmm...I will have to give that one some thought, as of course we protect the privacy of our readers zealously. But, if someone like you were to start say, a fan club or website for those such as yourself, I don't see what we couldn't make that info available and we could get the word out that way. Either way, glad you dig those ads Ryan, because we sure enjoy selling them!

Ass or Pussy First?

Mary, when I fuck a girl, which hole do I ram first, the ass or the cunt? Really? When I bang some hot babe, usually a chick I pick up in some sleazy bar I go all animal on her, I go for it all, know what I am saying? So, at some point I stick my dick up her pussy, and at some point I give her the same high hard one in the butt. Usually I don't give it a minute of thought, I just go with the flow, but now some friends have given me some shit about some "order" you are supposed to go in? Is this true? Let me know, because this is the kind of thing I can never figure out myself.

Raymond W.
Toronto, ON

MARY: Oh boy, Raymond! Another sexual subject I could spend hours on, but here we only have minutes, so here goes. First, in general, a girl, unlike a guy, does not got from 0 to 180 sexually in a second. She has to be slowly warmed up to have a juicy cunt so she can fuck good—so whatever you do, you should always try to start with the littler stuff like kissing, and work up to a double-penetration with some friend of yours. Second, as to your specific question about anal or pussy sex, I would say that 95% of the time you have to fuck the pussy first, getting the gal all worked up and loose, and then use that sopping wet cock of yours to ream the asshole. This is the protocol for example in most porno movies as well, and for good reason. Good luck, Raymond, and take it slow before you get to the buttfucking, you will both like it better! □

Sena

Jara

Gina

Dara

22750

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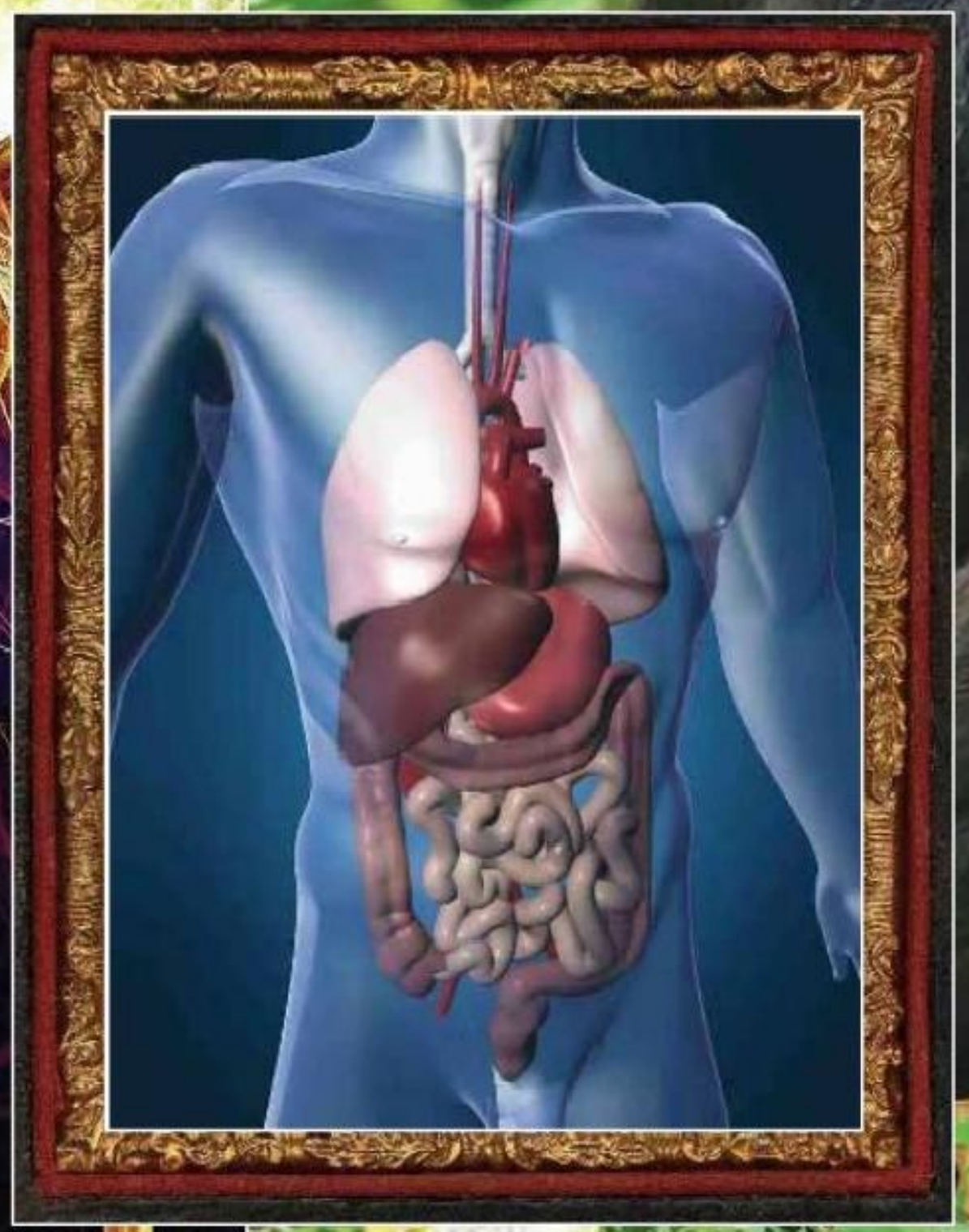
50 WAYS TO IMPRESS A CHICK WITH ABSOLUTELY USELESS KNOWLEDGE THAT WHO KNOWS MAY BY SOME WEIRD SET OF CIRCUMSTANCES ACTUALLY LEAD TO YOU HAVING SEX WITH HER

Now that you've made it through that incredibly long article title, it's time for you to start memorizing the list below. And who knows, a relationship might "Evolve"!



1. The coldest temperature ever measured on Earth was -129 Fahrenheit (-89 Celsius) at Vostok, Antarctica, on July 21, 1983.

2. Sanskrit is considered the mother of all higher languages. This is because it is the most precise, and therefore the most suitable language for computer software programming.

3. Studies show that if a cat falls off the seventh floor of a building it has about 30% less chance of surviving than a cat that falls off the 20th floor. It supposedly takes about eight floors for the cat to realize what is occurring, relax, and correct itself.

4. Your stomach has to produce a new layer of mucus every two weeks otherwise it will digest itself.

5. To escape the grip of a crocodile's jaws, push your thumbs into its eyeballs — it will let you go instantly.

6. The word "samba" means "to rub navels together."

7. The electric chair was invented by a dentist.

article by Dr. G. Feldman

8. A 'jiffy' is a unit of time for 1/100th of a second.

9. The collecting of beer mats (coasters) is called tegestology.

10. The average bra size today is 36C. Ten years ago it was 34B.

11. According to statistics, Australian women are most likely to have sex on the first date.

12. Women who went to college are more likely than high school dropouts to enjoy both the giving and receiving of oral sex.

13. Humans are the only species on earth that have face-to-face sex.

14. Jazz fans and gun owners are among the most sexually active Americans. C. Mingus leads to c. lingus.

15. It is not possible to tickle yourself. The cerebellum, a part of the brain, warns the rest of the brain that you are about to tickle yourself. Since your brain knows this, it ignores the resulting sensation.

16. A flea can jump 150 times its size. That is the same as a person able to jump up 1,000 feet in the air.

17. An office desk has 400 times more bacteria than a toilet.

18. In 1920, the Russian transplant pioneer Serge Voronoff made headlines by grafting monkey testicles onto human males.

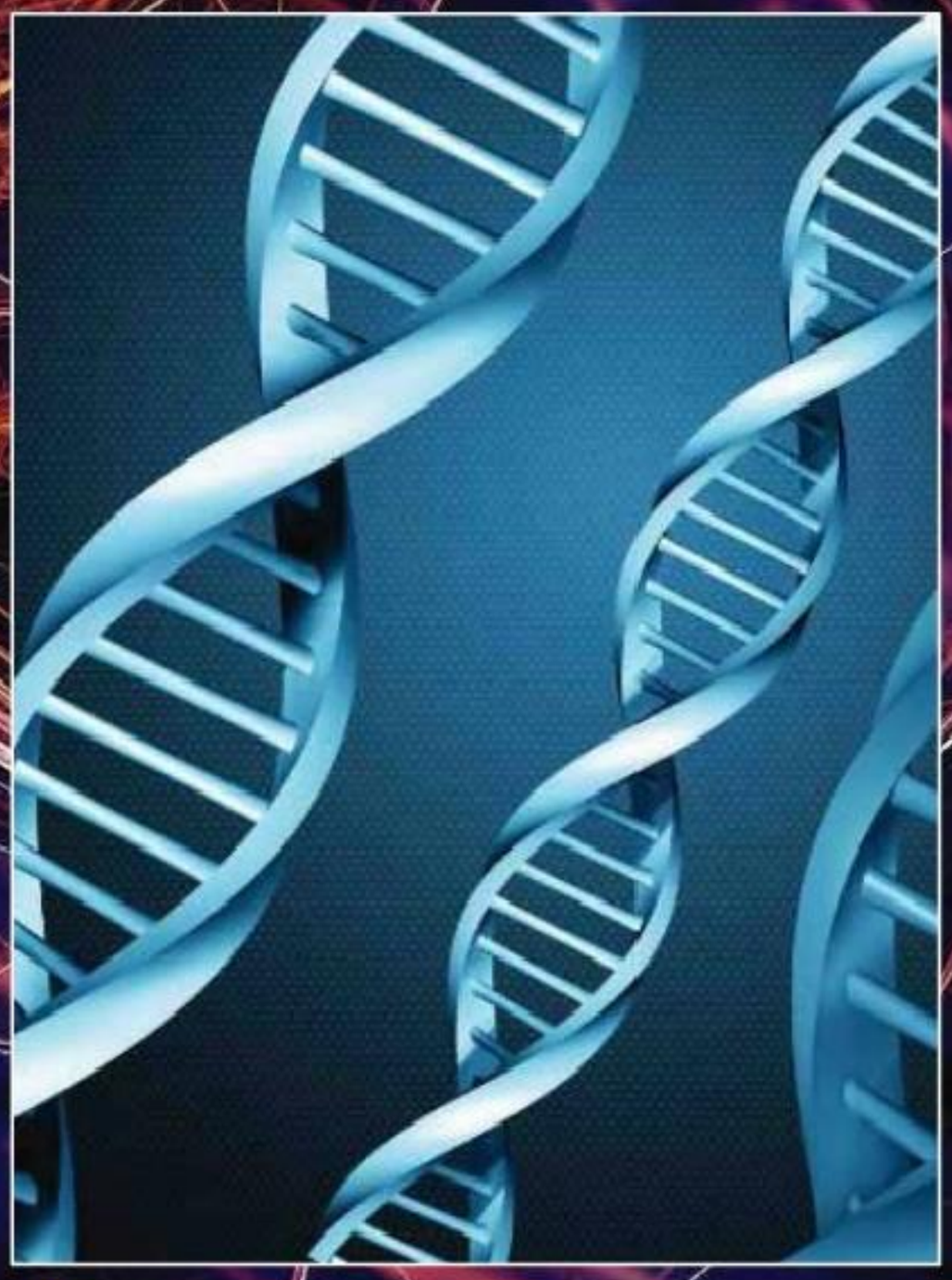
19. The rarest coffee in the world is Kopi Luwak, which is found in Indonesia. It runs about $600 per pound!

20. *101 Dalmatians*, *Peter Pan*, *Lady and the Tramp*, and *Mulan* are the only Disney cartoons where both parents are present and don't die throughout the movie.

21. A pig's orgasm lasts for 30 minutes. Good for them!

22. 'Stewardesses' is the longest word that is typed with only the left hand.

23. A 27-year-old heir to a sausage empire was handed a ticket for 116,000 pounds for driving at 80 km/hr in a 40 km/hr zone. This is because speeding tickets in Finland are based on how much money a person makes.



29. In 1888, Hollywood was founded by Harvey and Daeida Wilcox, who named the city after their summer home in Chicago.

30. In some parts of the Atacama Desert in Chile it had not rained for 400 years.

31. A 13-year-old boy in India produced winged beetles in his urine after hatching the eggs in his body.

32. What is called a "French kiss" in the English speaking world is known as an "English kiss" in France.

33. A cockroach can live several weeks with its head cut off. In fact, a headless female cockroach can actually lay eggs!

34. An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain.

35. Some worms will eat themselves if they can't find any food!

24. The Hollywood sign was first erected in 1923. It first read "Hollywoodland."

25. Among the Buganda people of Uganda, the widows of a deceased king have the honor of drinking beer in which the dead king's entrails have been cleaned.

25. The dot that appears over the letter "i" is called a "tittle".

26. Adolf Hitler was *Time*'s "Man of the Year" for 1938.

27. American Airlines saved $40,000 in 1987 by eliminating one olive from each salad served in first class.

28. There are three golf balls sitting on the moon.

36. The name Wendy was made up for the book "Peter Pan."

37. The placement of a donkey's eyes in its head enables it to see all four feet at all times!

38. Earth is the only planet not named after a god.

39. Male rhesus monkeys often hang from tree branches by their amazing prehensile penises.

40. Johnny Plessey batted .331 for the Cleveland Spiders in 1891, even though he spent the entire season batting with a rolled-up, lacquered copy of the Toledo Post-Dispatch.

images by www.istockphoto.com

41. X-ray technology has shown there are three different versions of the Mona Lisa under the visible one.

42. Ancient Chinese artists would never paint pictures of women's feet.

43. Seventeen hours of sustained wakefulness leads to a decrease in performance equivalent to a blood alcohol-level of 0.05%.

44. 80% of all votes in America are counted by only two companies: Diebold and ES&S.

45. The vice-president of Diebold and the president of ES&S are brothers.

46. Honey never spoils. No need to refrigerate it. It can be stored unopened, indefinitely, at room temperature

47. Every time you lick a stamp, you consume 1/10 of a calorie.

48. The average person falls asleep in seven minutes.

49. Former Cuban President Batista spoke out against the growing scourge of American and European pornography, arguing that it took business away from local prostitutes.

50. Sex with a woman is the third most common fantasy for gay men.

Natasha

22728

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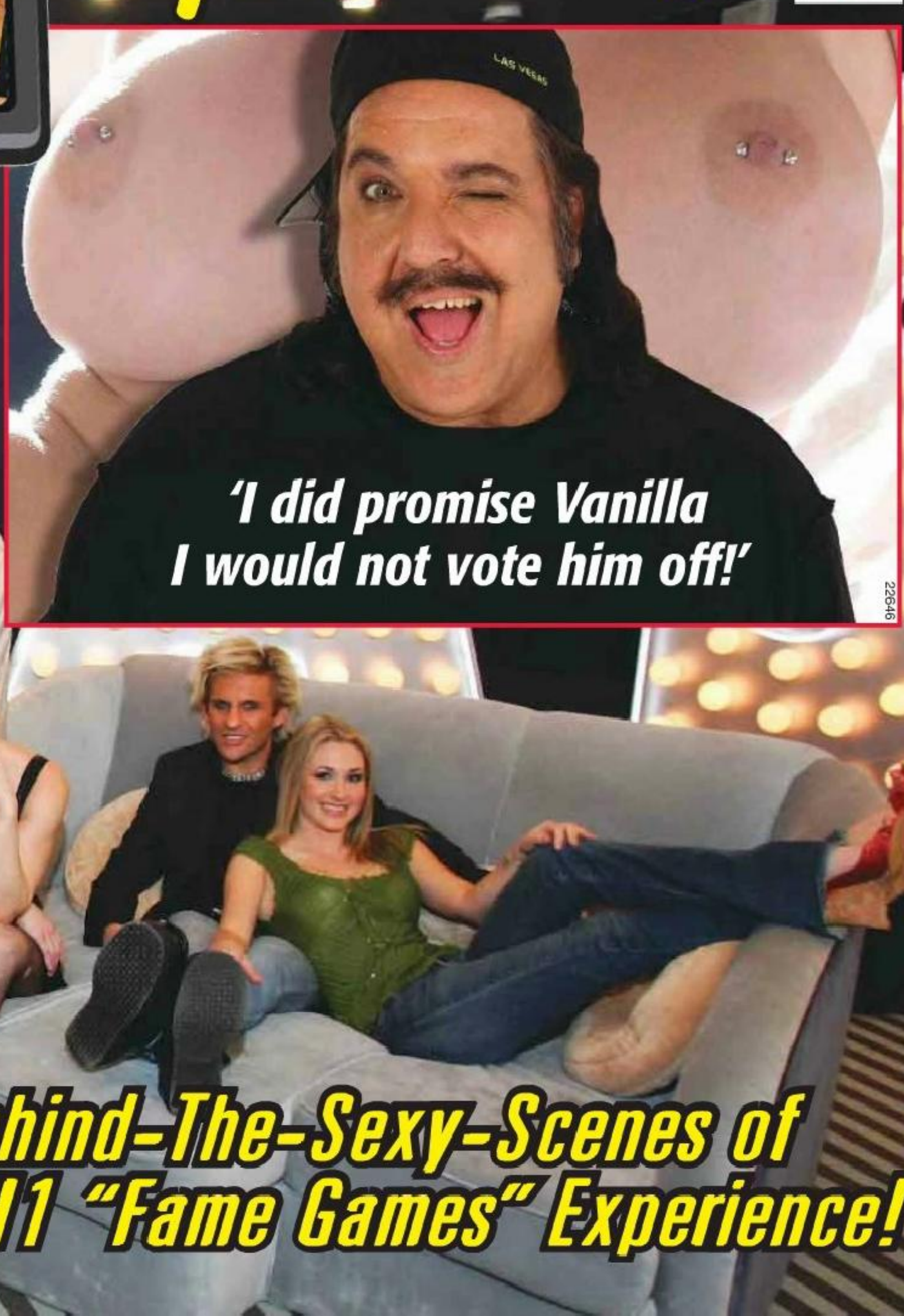
SUPER EXCLUSIVE!

Ron's Life Is 'The Surreal Life!'

What's going on dudes! Great to be back again in SWANK and with a very interesting story to tell as well—at least I think so, the story how I almost won $100,000. Close, but no cigar! But first, how have you guys been? Getting laid? Okay, enough about you! Haha! Just kidding. But time is a-wasting and space is limited, so I am going to get right down to this month's column topic. Remember when I was on "The Surreal Life" TV program a few years back, that whacky VH1 celeb-reality show where they stick a bunch of Hollywood-types together for a few weeks to see who kills who and who fucks who? Well, I had a blast on it, so much so that the producers invited me back as one of a select group of the "Surreal Life All-Stars" who returned to take part in a special new "The Surreal Life Fame Games" reality show that was shot last summer and premiered to incredible ratings in January of this year.

Text By Ron Jeremy
Photos Courtesy of "The Surreal Life"

XXXX Reality Check



'I did promise Vanilla I would not vote him off!'

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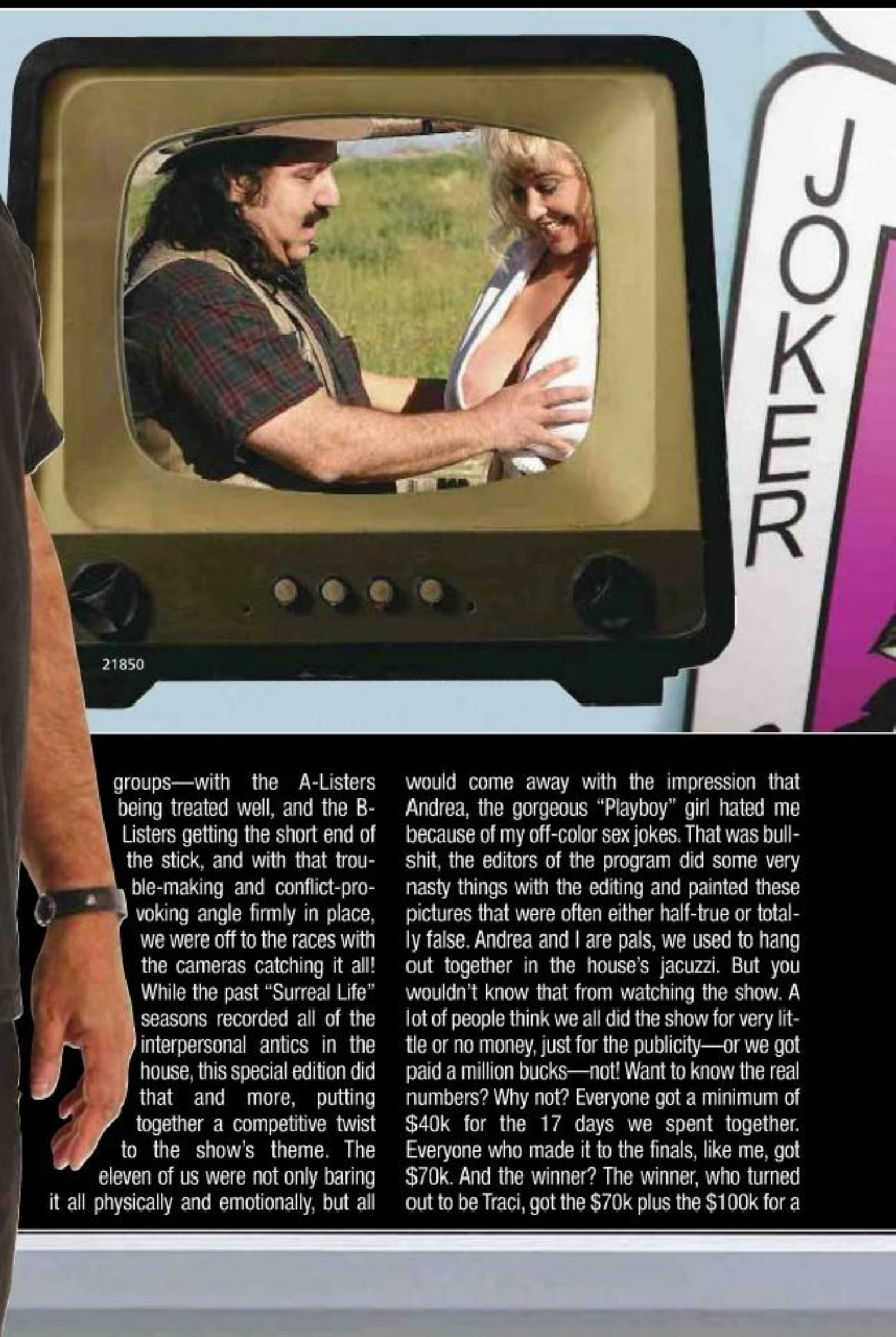
Behind-The-Sexy-Scenes of My VH1 "Fame Games" Experience!

Okay, yes, so you saw it! Great! It ran weekly for 10 hour-long new episodes on Sunday nights for several months up until the wild ending was just recently aired, and man was it popular. So now you're saying to yourself, okay, I saw the show, what more is there to know? Well, my wonderful ***SWANK***ers, what everyone saw in the final edited version of each episode of "The Fame Games" is only one small piece of what actually took place on the show during our weeks of filming. You saw what the producers decided to let you see. Now, how would you like to hear some juicy behind-the-scenes dish that no one will ever see on the show, and is only being revealed here in ***SWANK*** for the very first time? Oh, so you do want to hear about it! Ha! But a little background first.

My co-stars on the show were Brigette Nielson, Chyna Doll, Vanilla Ice, Traci Bingham, Verne Troyer, Jordan Knight, Pepa, Emmanuel Lewis, Andrea Lowell and C.C. Deville—and the host was none other than Robin Leach—that certified bearer of champagne wishes and caviar dreams from the "Lifestyles of The Rich And Famous" TV program. The creators of "The Fame Games" cast the group from all six previous seasons of "The Surreal Life" based on who they thought were the audience favorites. Quite a compliment I would say as there were dozens of others that were not picked to be brought back! So there we were, all stuck into a big luxury house in Las Vegas with Robin dividing us up into two teams, the "A-List" and the "B-List" groups—with the A-Listers being treated well, and the B-Listers getting the short end of the stick, and with that trouble-making and conflict-provoking angle firmly in place, we were off to the races with the cameras catching it all! While the past "Surreal Life" seasons recorded all of the interpersonal antics in the house, this special edition did that and more, putting together a competitive twist to the show's theme. The eleven of us were not only baring it all physically and emotionally, but all shooting for one $100,000 grand prize. And that's green money, baby!

The competitions were fun (hey, if you missed any of them don't fret, the re-runs will be going on for months and months on VH1 until the new season starts), kind of tongue-in-cheek things all about being famous and everything else involved with trying to live a celebrity lifestyle. Lose the contests and go onto the B-List, win and stay on the A-List. A-Listers get gourmet meals, B-Listers sandwiches, A-Listers play tennis, B-Listers play ping-pong and so on. We played games with names like "Paparazzi Hide-and-Seek," "Scandal Video Film Festival," and "Hotel Room Trash-a-thon," with each week a new loser sent packing off the show. One-by-one they fell by the wayside, but not me! I am good at stuff like this, and I just kept on winning, as the group went from 11, to 10, to nine and all the way down to just me and Traci left. That's right I made it to the very, very end! And then...but first, some scoops!

For those of you who watched the show you would come away with the impression that Andrea, the gorgeous "Playboy" girl hated me because of my off-color sex jokes. That was bullshit, the editors of the program did some very nasty things with the editing and painted these pictures that were often either half-true or totally false. Andrea and I are pals, we used to hang out together in the house's jacuzzi. But you wouldn't know that from watching the show. A lot of people think we all did the show for very little or no money, just for the publicity—or we got paid a million bucks—not! Want to know the real numbers? Why not? Everyone got a minimum of $40k for the 17 days we spent together. Everyone who made it to the finals, like me, got $70k. And the winner? The winner, who turned out to be Traci, got the $70k plus the $100k for a



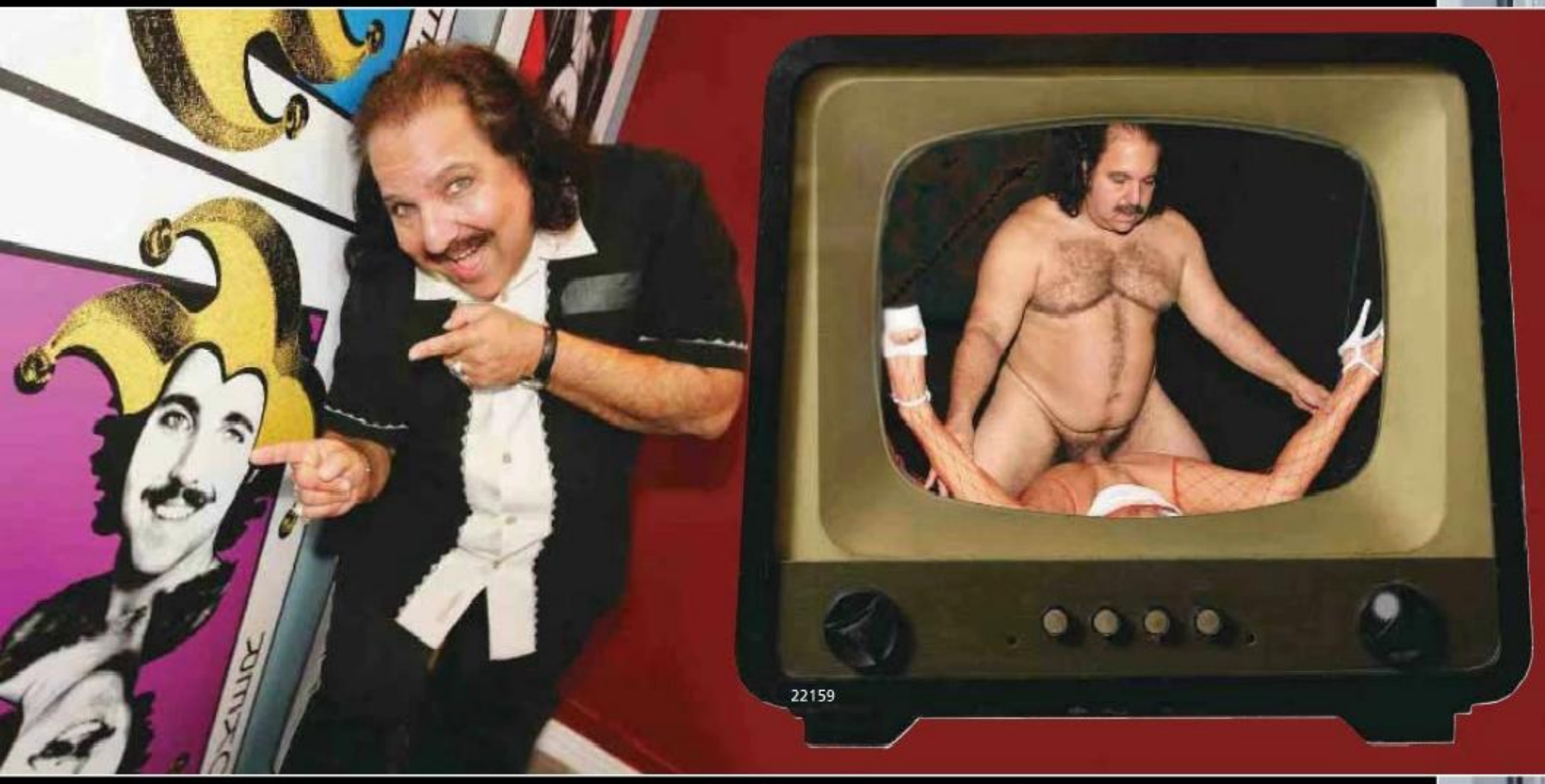
total of $170k—not bad for a couple of weeks of drama, huh? And about the scene where Vanilla Ice blew up at me because I voted him off the show near the end as part of one of the contests. I got caught in a bind, I did promise Vanilla I would not vote him off, and I tried not to. In fact, I tried to vote myself off instead! I had to pick a chip with either his name on it or Pepa's, and I tried to write my name in over his to vote against myself—I don't like to backstab friends, and Vanilla is a longtime friend—but the producers would not let me and he got tossed and he went nuts. For those of you who saw it, it was real, he destroyed the set we were on, badly cut his hand and had to be restrained by the staff. He also said he hated my guts. And he may have for a couple of weeks, but then we talked and I am happy to announce that Vanilla doesn't hate my guts—I mean, I had even promised to give Rob half my money if I won. You guys know I would never choose cash over gash or friendship. Food maybe, but not cash! Just kidding! Sort of!

Anyway, as to the final episode where Traci

'My co-stars on the show were Brigette Nielson, Chyna Doll, Vanilla Ice, Traci Bingham, Verne Troyer, Jordan Knight, Pepa, Emmanuel Lewis, Andrea Lowell and C.C. Deville—and the host was none other than Robin Leach'

Nielsen in her room, and I think it was going to get into some full-blown lovemaking fast, when all of a sudden—a camera crew bursts in! Yeah, that's what was going on day and night in the house, camera crews ready to pounce, and when they rushed up to our faces, Brigitte got shy and pulled back, and that was the end of that! Sigh!

The bottom line for "The Surreal Life Fame Games" was that I found it tough competing and trying to beat everyone else, because I liked everyone on the cast, and especially with both Traci and Vanilla being from my original casting for Season 2 way back in 2003, I kept saying i didn't want to backstab anyone to win, that I would rather lose the money—some of these guys were like family to me. But that's a lot of cash! And we all did what we had to do, and things came out the way they did. I still would have liked to have won, in fact, I would love for there to a re-match! But for now I'll just have fond memories of the experience, and I will be watching the re-runs along with the rest



and I competed in front of mainstream comedian Kathy Griffin to see which one of us would win and lose, no, it was not fixed, I really think I had a chance to win it all. But when you look at the last scene with Traci looking like, well, like the piece of ass she is, and me dressed and looking like an unemployed truck driver, you have to see where it is going. I think I was at a little disadvantage because Kathy asked me a series of questions first, and Traci next, so I had to think on my feet, while Traci had time to work on her answers. But I have no complaints. When I walked through one door, and Traci another, and each of us didn't know which was the winning door, I thought I had a shot. But as you can see when I walked through and right into a dirty wall with pipes, I was obviously bummed out and upset. I knew I was fucked, and I could hear from the other door, which led into a room of screaming people, and photographers and a press conference with Traci being handed the over-sized check for $100k—which made me even more sad. In fact, I am getting a little more depressed reliving it right now! But hey, while $170k would have been nice, $70k ain't bad either. Okay, now what about the secret nudity and sex that went on that the cameras didn't show you? That should cheer us both up, right? Well, to be honest with you we were all so wrapped up in trying to win the game, we had no time to masturbate, let alone fuck! For real! We did do some kissing here and there, and some nudity, and lots of people in their underwear, but an orgy it wasn't—unfortunately! My closest thing to XXX that happened was when I was kissing Brigitte of you. I still see some of the cast members pretty regularly at gigs and parties around Los Angeles—Chyna, Traci, Vanilla, and others, so I have to say in retrospect it was all good. But you want to know what my happiest memory was? When one of the competitions had Robin Leach list all 11 of our names on a board, and we had to guess, when they Googled all of our names, who got the most hits. Guess who won, by a longshot? Not the Babewatch chick, not the white rapper dude, not the famous rock star, but me! By far! So that had to give me the last laugh! And that also adds up the last words for this month's column—see you next month right here in ***SWANK*** for more wacky stories, I promise!

Check out myspace.com/ronjeremy.com for all the latest info! □

Marlie

& Sophia

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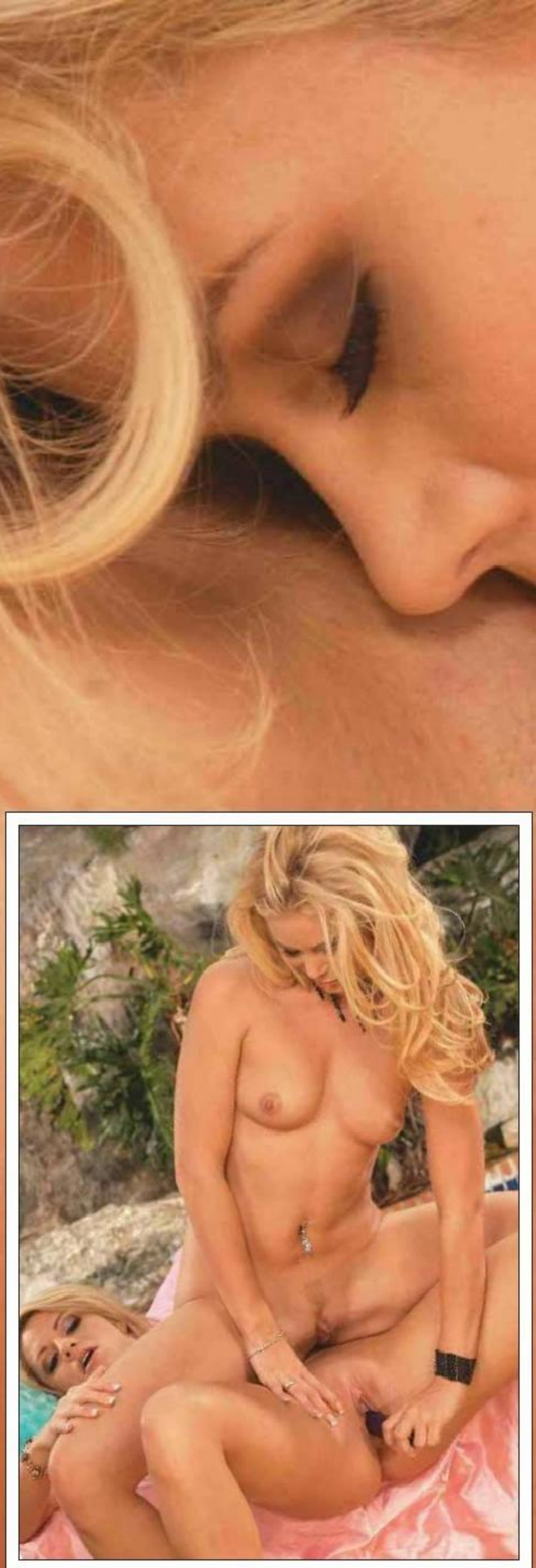

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Familiar Spankies

SWANK FICTION

Four years. Shit! I thought this old town might have grown a pair in that time. Downtown after dark and still just one tittie bar. Anyway, it felt dam good to be out of uniform, on solid ground, and not dodging bullets.

Four years. Shit! I thought this old town might have grown a pair in that time. Downtown after dark and still just one tittie bar. Anyway, it felt dam good to be out of uniform, on solid ground, and not dodging bullets. 29 days until redeployment. Not enough time to scratch my beer thirst, but this bar would do for the other. I stepped through the door, praying the chicks were fresher than last time I was here. At a certain age – say 25 – chicks need to retire off the pole.

The place was real dark, except for the stage. I moved closer for a whiff of the redhead spinning down the pole. She looked hot dressed as a cheerleader. My cock was already hair-trigger and that shot of ass, airborne – and thonged; had me grabbing myself.

"Holy fuck!" She looked like my buddy's sister. I remembered her as a cute, scrawny 18-year old. "Damn, she looks hot!" I scanned the room for her brother, then realized, "Why the fuck would he be here?" I felt guilty staring at her tits — but, that fucker owed me money, so...

Haley hadn't spotted me — too busy grinding air for some tool wagging a bill at her. It was probably only a buck, but it got her attention. The song ended. Haley led the tool toward a curtained-off area. A sign priced lap dances at $20 a pop. Five minutes after going in, Tool reappeared and B-lined it for the exit. What a fuckin' loser!

I ducked into the booth and blocked Haley from leaving. "Ready for another?" I grinned at her. She looked stunned, for a second; then turned away to stash the money in her hand.

"Sure, Carl... aren't you gonna ask me what I'm doing here? A nice girl and all that?" She bent over and slid the money into her ankle sock. There was that ass again!

"I can see what you're doing here, Haley. And I never thought you were all that nice." I cupped her ass cheek in my hand. She looked up over her shoulder at me and stood, shoving her ass against my groin. "Hey, where are the panties for this thing?" I asked, tracing my fingers along her thong, "I always liked your cheerleader panties."

"Spankies," she said, arching her back against my chest. Her nipples were poking hard through her halter. "The panties are called spankies. Want me to get 'em?"

"Maybe next time." I moved my hands up her stomach and cupped her tits.

"Well, you haven't paid for this time yet," she said, stepping away from me.

I pulled five times her rate from my wallet, lowered myself down and slipped it into her sock. "I'm going to need more than a dry hump, darlin'." My hand moved up the inside of her leg as I rose up; my fingers felt their way to her snatch just as I locked eyes with her.

"What do y— " I cut her off with a kiss; not a gentle smooch either. I pulled her close; never losing contact with her pussy. I turned her body. I wanted to work both hands; feel on her ass while rubbing her clit. We kept kissing. Haley unzipped me from my jeans with one hand. Impressive. We kept kissing. I slipped my fingers beneath the triangle of panty. She opened her mouth wider for my

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tongue; breathing heavier. She was so fucking wet! She turned and faced me full on. Her legs were spread. We kept kissing. She stroked my cock with both hands, humping the tip against her wet thong patch. She released her hold and closed her legs around my cock. I felt her rise up on her toes. She pulled her tit out and offered it up to my mouth. I ended our kiss abruptly, saliva still stringing off my lips; then moved my head to suck her nipple. Haley was grinding my cock in and out between her legs. It felt good, but I said, "Told you ... I'm going to need more than this." I breathed through my slobber.

Haley slithered down to her knees and started dancing her tongue around on my balls. I took two fistfuls of her hair to steady her head. She looked up at me. That red hair; those green eyes looked so... I long-stroked my cock deep into her mouth. I could have nut right there, but, "This ain't it." I pulled out of her mouth. Her tongue chased after my cock, but I stood her up and bent her over the chair.

My cock was still dripping her spit. I yanked the thong floss from her crack and slapped my soggy dick against her butthole.

"We're doing that ?!" she asked, raising her face up from the seat.

I pushed her shoulders down and flicked my cock head up and down on her tight pucker. "Yes we are!"

"Is it going to fit?"

"I'll be gentle." I mashed against her wet pussy, wallowing my dick until it was covered slick. "I've been thinking about getting you like this forever!"

"It's too big to fit in,"she sounded nervous.

"It'll fit." I arrowed my cock back up to her butthole; knocking on her pucker with the tip.

"No one's ever fucked my ass before."

"Until now!"

"Ooh," Haley moaned as she clutched the seat cushion. "J-just the tip, okay?"

I didn't answer. No more talk. We're doing this now! I pushed forward. Haley gasped at the invasion. Damn! It was snug! I grabbed her ass cheeks and yanked her back against my thrust. Haley was screaming into the cushion. I had her wedged tight over the chair. Not sure if she couldn't move. Or just didn't. Didn't matter. I re-upped on snatch lube, arched on my toes, and then sunk my meat all the way home. Good thing the music was loud. She fuckin' yelped with every up stroke; my balls slapped loud on her cunt every down.

Haley started to relax against my size. Her ass twisted and wiggled beneath me. She was humping her clit against the sofa. I reeled out all but my tip, and then slid back in, smooth and long. My knees buckled. I braced my hand on her lower back and leaned forward; feeling up her tits again; getting ready to fire.

Haley's rhythm got serious. She was about to get off! "Oh fuck!" I pulled back again. "Here I go!" I slammed deep and shot straight into her asshole! The backfire from each round I let off had me bucking in and out; short-stroking her tight ring. Eventually calmed, I pulled out; still pumping off jizz dribbles.

I bongoed Haley's ass, then readied my clothes back to normal. She was still slumped over the sofa, quivering in her cum smear; my chud dripping a milky trail.

Walking out from behind the curtain, I looked back at her, "Tell your brother he's gonna have to borrow more money to keep me off you!" □

WANTED NUDE PICTURES!

In SWANK's never-ending quest to bring you the hottest variety in sex, we've sought out Kevin Kingman, an amateur photographer and purveyor of porn and given him his own monthly feature entitled: WANTED: NUDE PICTURES. TOP $ PAID! That's right! He runs the ad in his local newspapers and you reap the rewards. So, for all your fans of neophyte nudity, here's your gift from all of us each and every month!

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I will pay you $50 for nude pictures of any kind. White girls, Black girls, Asian—it doesn't matter as long as they're NUDE!

So come on, convince your girlfriend, the check out girl at the supermarket or your neighbor. Just get her to strip it off, you snap away and I'll pay you the 50 bucks. Any format accepted. polaroid. Digital, Slides... anything! Just send them in!

TOP $ PAID!

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Anna

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Bodies In Feat

It was an unusually foggy morning in Los Angeles, considering that it in was the middle of August. I was driving very cautiously on the Santa Monica Freeway toward my job as a Deputy Probation Officer at Central Juvenile Hall. Besides the smothering fog, I was also working my way through the last vestiges of darkness as it was 5:30 a.m., and I was due at work in Unit R by 6 a.m.

(Thirteen years earlier, I had been incarcerated in Central Juvenile Hall for over three months for being "incorrigible", but that's another story to be much better delineated in what will eventually be my autobiography: "Playpen of the Damned").

As my headlights struggled to provide a clear path for me to negotiate, my somewhat fuzzy mind (getting up early has never been one of my favorite things to do), was being marginally amused by the jocular chatter of a couple of radio talk show hosts who were discussing the fact that they had been to a party over the weekend, and had seen an X-rated film that featured a guy named John Holmes. Suddenly, in tones of absolutely reverential awe, the fellows mutually paid homage to Holmes, with the visually demanding statement (akin to a fisherman manually describing a monumental catch) that "He had something this BIG!"

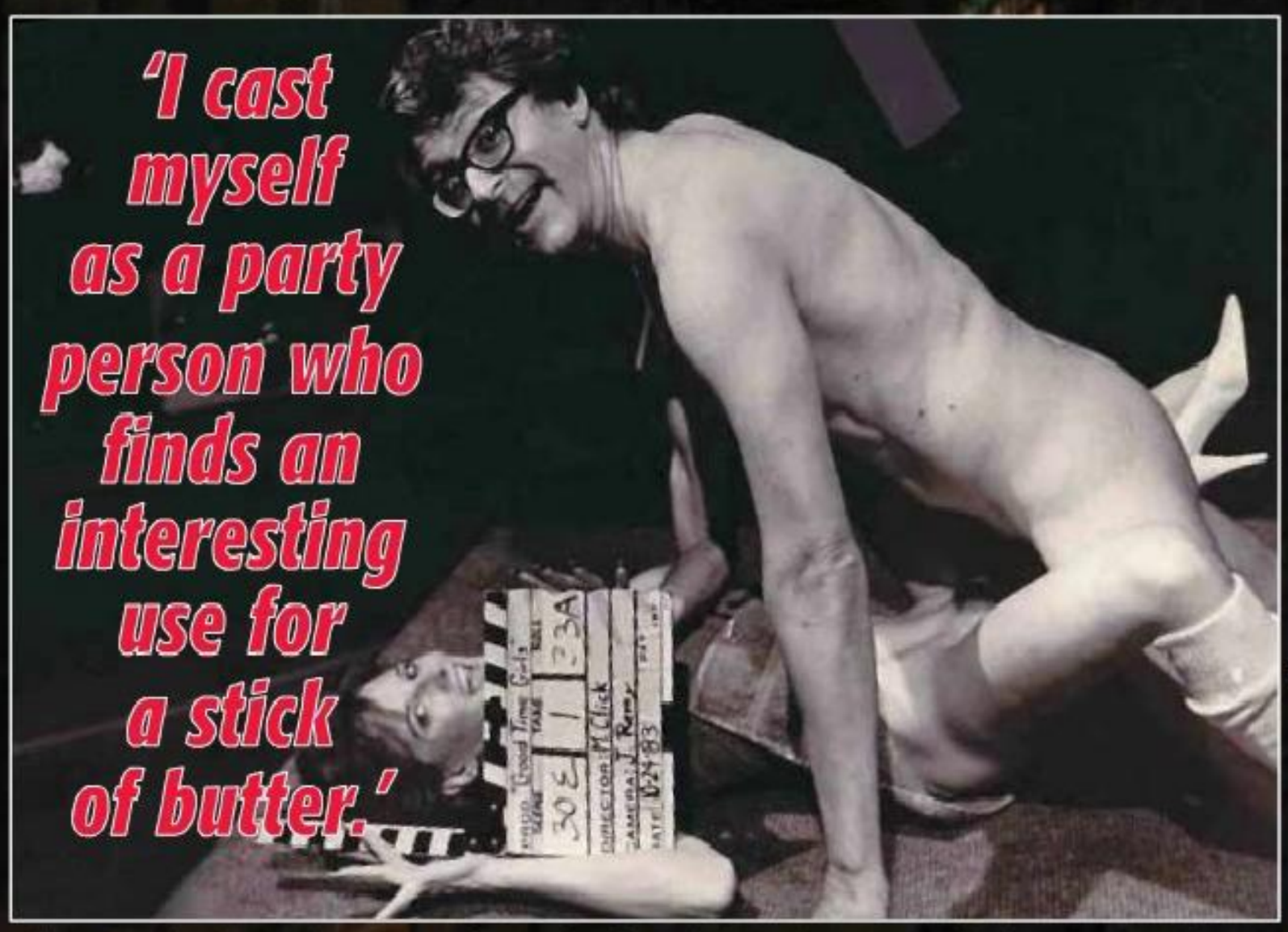
I remember that I laughed out loud into the foggy air that was pouring into my car. I always drove with my windows open to make sure that I wouldn't doze off, particularly at such an early hour. And then, as if the image of something "that BIG" were a magic wand, the fog and the darkness were gone, and hazy daylight ignited my senses.

Jump ahead with me now almost four years.

It is March 1973, and I am managing the Hollywood offices of "Reb" Sunset International (a Theatrical Modeling Agency), and I am in the process of casting of an ambitious 70 millimeter adult motion picture called "Panorama Blue."

(I had immediately suggested that the project be called "This Is PornoRama", but the producer feared lawsuits from the Cinerama people.)

Designed to create vicarious thrills for the viewer by providing a series of arousing and amusing adventures, ranging from having sex during a stock car race to making it in the middle of a seemingly oblivious symphony orchestra to literally participating in a Hollywood orgy (I cast myself as a party person who finds an interesting use for a stick of butter), to the grand fornicating finale on a rollercoaster, the



John Holmes

Rene Bond

Ric Lutze

THOSE WERE THE L A Y S

By William Margold

production demanded the services of virtually every performer in Sunset's stable. And while the agency boasted the lusty likes of Rene Bond, Sandy Carey, Cyndee Summers, Rick Cassidy and Ric Lutze, there was no bigger name on the West Coast at that time than John Holmes.

Already a legend among those who frequented adult movie theaters, and as I would eventually say, "Living proof that all men were not created equal!" Holmes' presence at the office had been requested by the producer, so that he could pick up location and wardrobe information for his scene the following day. But the producer had not yet arrived when the lanky actor ambled in. I was caught completely off-guard, and I was instantaneously humbled. I jumped up from my desk, and extended my hand. He extended his. "I'm John Holmes," not realizing that I was fully aware of exactly who–and what–he was. "You're 'The King'" was my first utterance, and he looked surprised. In fact, he stepped back, as a combination of shock and shyness descended upon him. "The what?" he asked, looking at me as if I had just handed him a hot potato.

As my mind raced through the flashback of that morning in 1969, when his name was mentioned in awe by those

radio show hosts, I was so unnerved that all I could was blurt out "The King" one more time. John looked puzzled. And I, gaining a little more confidence, picked up the pace by offering "Don't you realize that you are most important person in our business?" quickly adding, because I saw the chance to illuminate the sentiment further "That you have earned the right to be called 'The King' by your fans." A semblance of a smile began to crease his face. He shifted about like a scarecrow trying to become more comfortable on his perch. Then a look of satisfaction, laced with the understanding that he really was a force to be reckoned with, replaced his air of uneasiness, and he said, "Thank you."

From then on, whenever he came by Sunset International, or when we worked in films together as performers (and in particular, when I directed him) or we saw each other at adult industry events (about which many of the incidents in graphic detail will be revealed in future "Those Were The Lays" columns) my "The King" salutation to-and-of him always sparked his sincere smile of appreciation as well as letting anyone in the vicinity just who–and what–John Holmes was.

Working my way through images from my past, I discovered a cache of John Holmes pictures modeling with Rene Bond, and feel genuinely thrilled by having some of them appearing on the pages of this column, along with other shots of them in action.

Bond was "The Kewpie Doll of X" and because she rarely worked with anyone but her boyfriend Ric Lutze, or, of course, Holmes, I never figured to have a chance to "be with her."

However, in 1975, I had the great fortune to be cast opposite her in a feature film called "Rachel Greer." The stars of the film were Diana St. Clair (my wife in 1974's "Marilyn and the Senator") and an affable actor named Peter Kane. The smoldering Ms. St. Clair and Kane were having a love affair in real life at the time, so there was considerable heat already on the set.

Bond and I had been brought in as a couple that invites them over for a night of fun and games. However, although the intentions were that we were going to swap partners as the sexual soap opera played itself out, in a quirk of scripting, Kane decides that he doesn't want to share St. Clair with me, and therefore Rene and I, rather than simply sitting by and watching Peter and Diana go at it, are provided with an opportunity to have at each other. And so we do.

Fully aware that I was in the hands of a sexual superstar, I let the very eager to please and perform Bond lead the way.

We had known each other on a casual, but always professional basis, because for years she was a big moneymaker, many commissions had been exacted from producers who booked her through Sunset International, but we had never been placed in a heated situation before.

The scene took place in a beautiful living room and it was bathed glowingly in firelight. Immediately the heat of our

(continued on page 127)

THOSE WERE THE LAYS

(continued from page 68)

moment became a blazing experience. As we began to kiss, Rene found my interest in her pressing very hard against her belly, and she moaned her approval deep into my mouth. I was a little bit tentative at first, but her knowledgeable, and very aggressive manipulation of my dick, encouraged me to become a little bolder, and I let my right hand slide down and find her delightfully furry pubic mound absolutely soaking with her passion. Fingering her slit, I felt her shudder like kitten that had just bitten through an electrical cord, and she moaned again. Quickly pushing my hand away, she guided my pillar of pride down and then up into her, eased me back onto the rug, and settled on me all in one unbelievably graceful move. Then, while riding me, she bent over and began kissing me again. I realized that I was in way over my head. And you can take that statement anyway you like. And to further help compound the fact that I was having way too fun for my own good, Rene decided that my balls needed some attention. She felt me stiffen as she toyed with my pulsating marbles, and she read great concern in my panic stricken eyes that perhaps she had gotten me to the point of no return. But with very consoling eyes, she whispered between kisses, "It's OK, I'm sure that you are good for at least two pop shots." And with such an erotic endorsement, I allowed natural instinct to take over, and I proceeded to scald Bond's undulating love canal with a copious offering of my most amorous appreciation.

Not wanting to let anyone know our lustful little secret, we continued to go through the motions of having sex, complete with the requisite moans and groans, until I grew hard inside of her again, and then we went right back to work, with Rene, of course, in charge of manipulating us into positions that were very camera friendly.

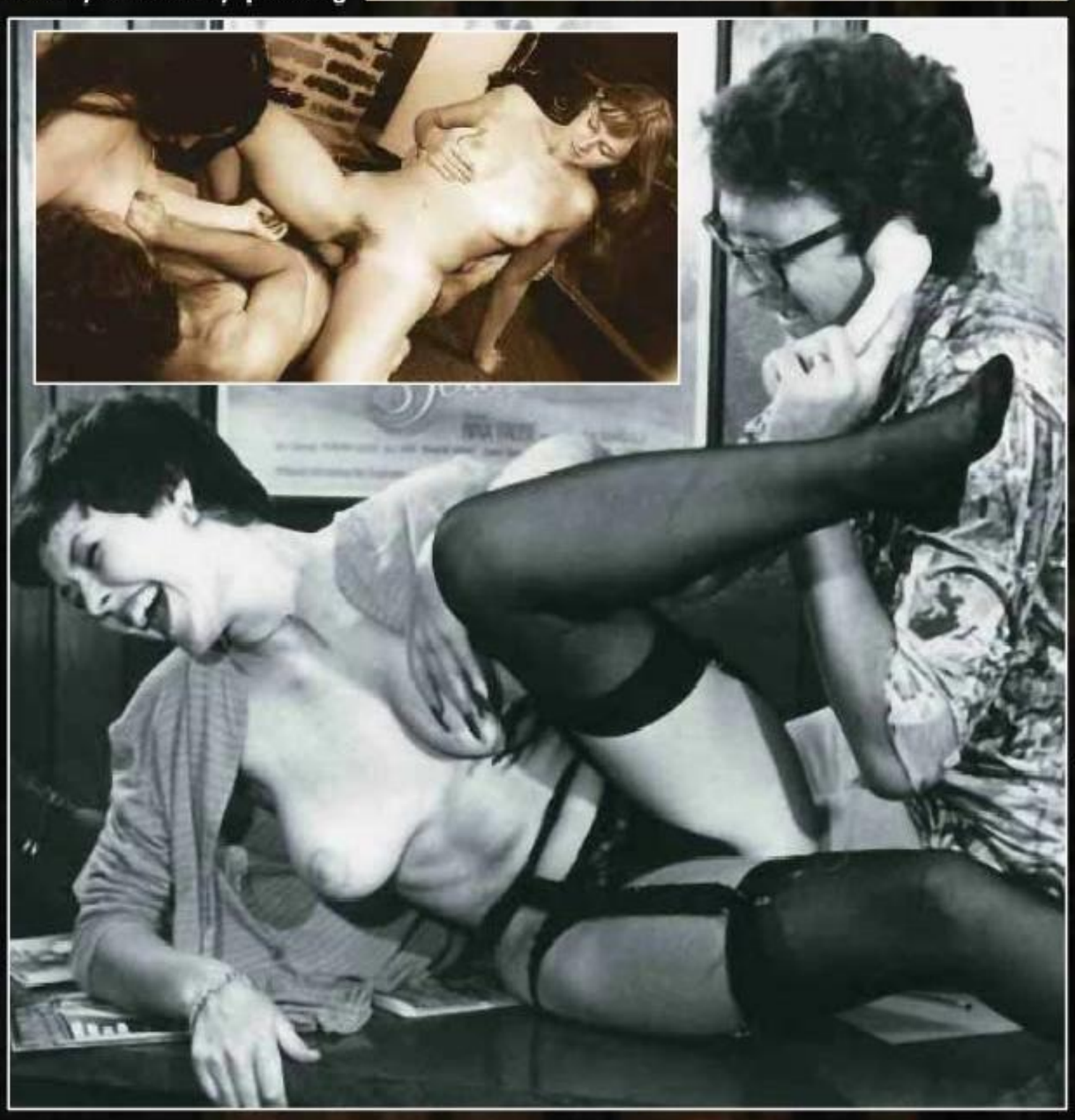
I was having a blast, enhanced by the fact that Rene, rather than berating me for going off too soon was seemingly appreciative of the fact that she had been able to make me cum out of control. And I could have kept screwing her all night long. But I also knew that there would come a time for me to show my satisfaction to the world.

So when the director announced that he was ready for the pop shot, I rose to the moment that, in fact, by this time was in both of Bond's very encouraging hands, and I turned her breasts into a couple of glazed donuts.

In what would be truly painful irony, I would, many years later, have the honor of posthumously inducting both Rene Bond (she passed away in 2000) and John Holmes (he died in 1988) into The Legends of Erotica Hall of Fame in Las Vegas, and in fact, I am in process of finalizing the creation of a Legends of Erotica deck of playing cards wherein Holmes, of course, is "The King" (of Diamonds), while Bond's magnetic glow adorns the Three of Spades.

Such endeavors are all part of my master plan to give the Pioneers of Porn their proper respect and credit.

And to that extent, each installment of "Those Were The Lays" is sincerely dedicated to them.



William Margold's actions and activities have spanned the entire timeline of the modern adult hardcore entertainment industry (1972-present), and along the way, he has founded a number of organizations including The Fans of X-Rated Entertainment (www.foxe.com) and Protecting Adult Welfare (www.pawfoundation.org). For his latest insights about XXX, and other related matters of the heart, the mind, and the soul, visit www.billmargold.com. □

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Stuff

DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC BOOTY?

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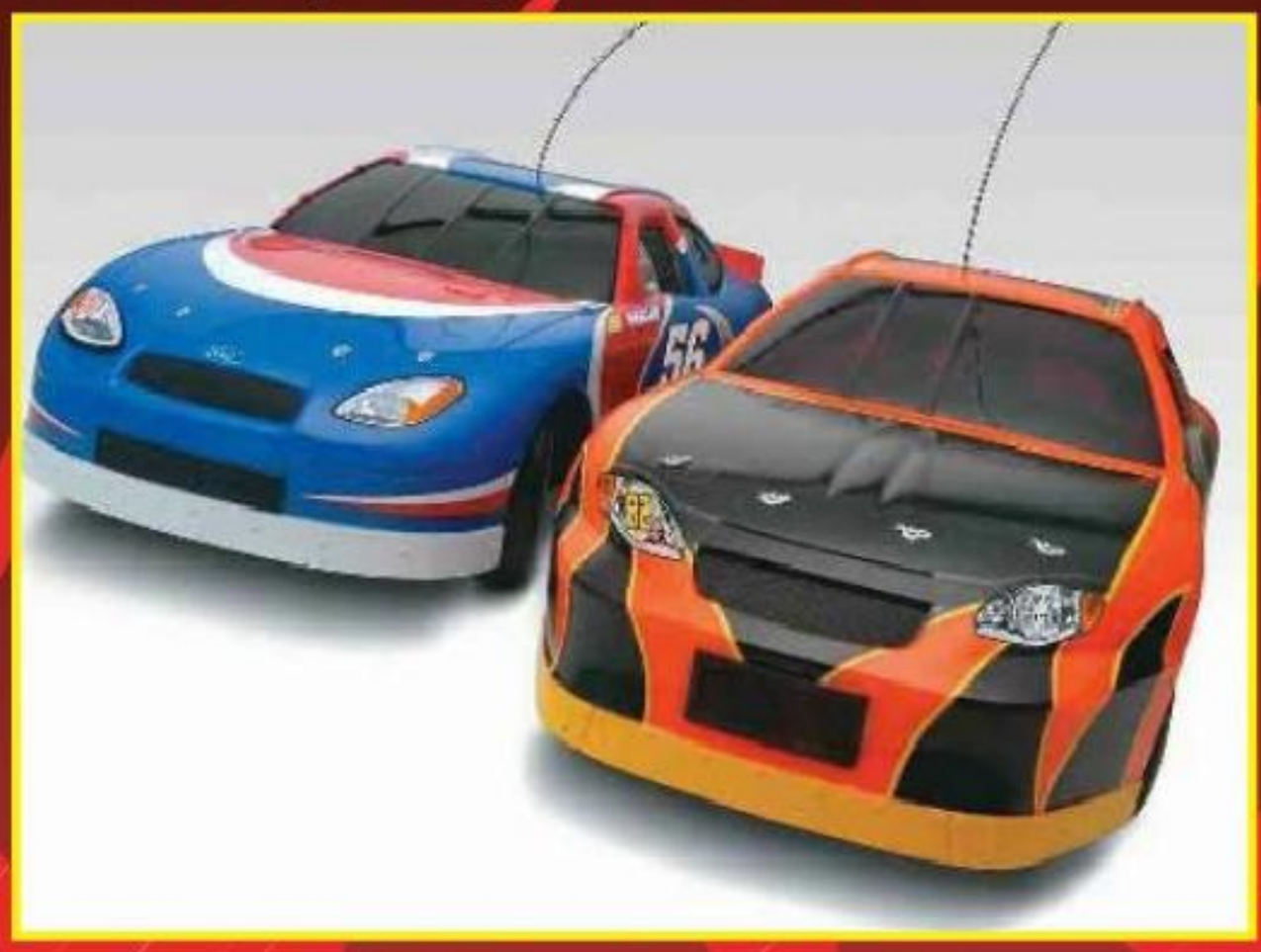

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The St. Johns fragrances are produced through the distillation of bay leaf oil and rum combined with heavenly, tropical aromas. The company offers seven distinct fragrances to choose from with infusions of exotic fruit, spices, crisp woods and wildflowers. Each bottle is hand-woven with an intricate design using natural, dried Tyre palms and is stamped with a red "Imported" label authenticating its Virgin Island heritage. St. Johns Bay Rum fragrances are the ideal gift for a traveler, lover of tropical destinations or anyone with an admiration for all things exotic and exquisite.

Definitely one of your "cooler" colognes. For more info log on to: www.stjohnsbayrum.com.

'HOT' NEWS FOR YOUR PROSTATE!

Sinus Buster Men's Formula

Three out of four men will face prostate issues in their lifetimes, but a new discovery using hot peppers in a nasal spray could be the answer. According to Wayne Perry, inventor of the world's first hot pepper nasal spray, the secret to a healthy prostate is through the nose.

"When you break through the blood brain barrier, it brings the medicine directly into the bloodstream and the central nervous system simultaneously. Not only does pepper extract help relieve prostate problems, but it also acts as a carrier for the other medicinal herbs used in our formula because it can break through the blood-brain barrier upon contact," says Perry.

While "Capsaicin", the active ingredient in hot peppers has been clinically proven to kill prostate cancer cells in recent studies, this ultra-hot substance has rarely been used for prostate care.

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AQUAHOLICS!?

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BoatUS.com, the nation's largest recreational boat owners association, announced its Top Ten List of Most Popular Boat Names. Housing slumps, high gas prices, stock market surges, and spinach scares made national headlines last year, but that didn't faze recreational boaters in selecting feel-good names for their vessels. Their number one choice was Aquaholic, a name which has appeared on the Top Ten List for five consecutive years — and it's also the second time it's taken the number one slot.

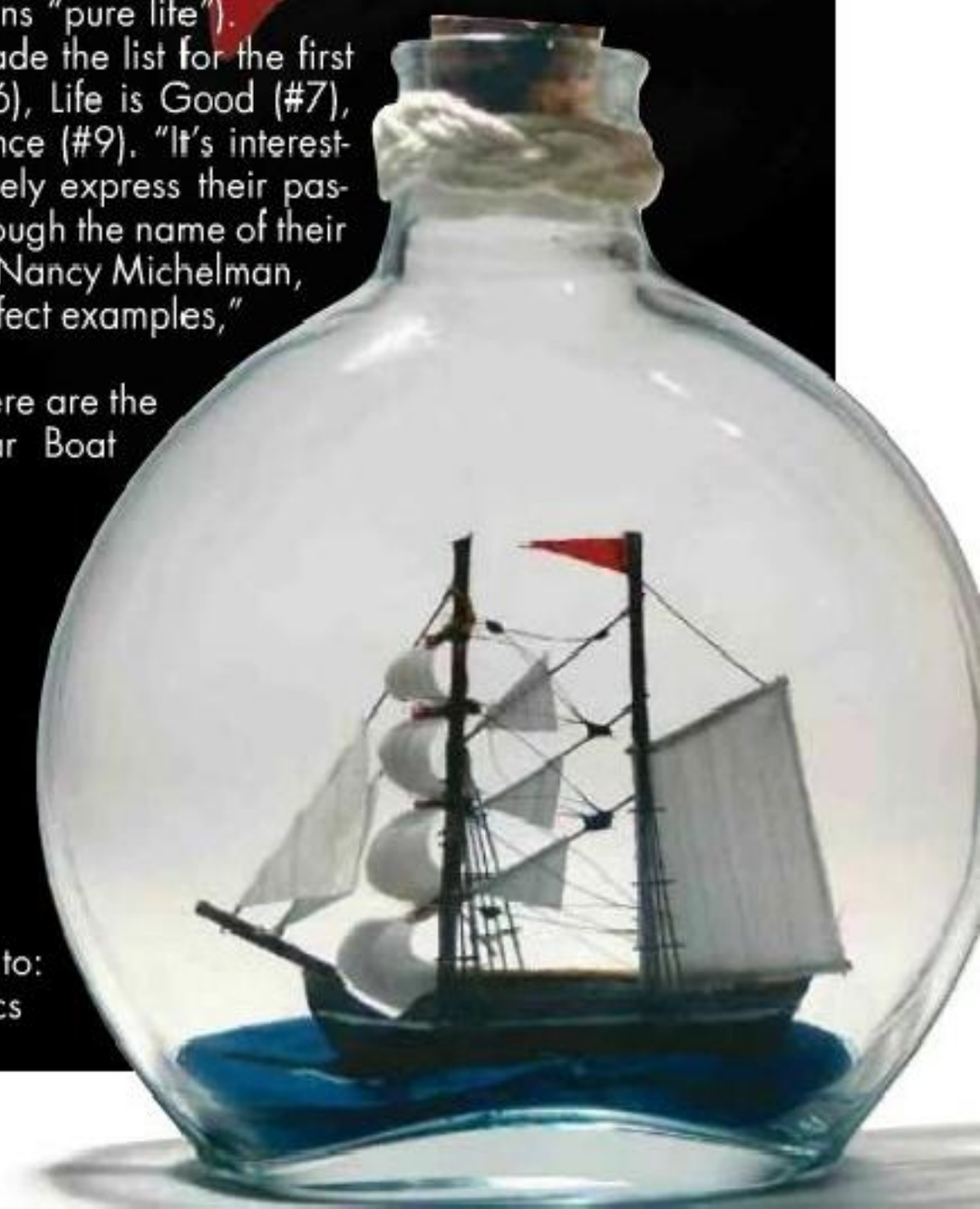
Number five on this year's list, Happy Hours, has appeared on the list seven times since 1991, when the BoatU.S. Graphics and Lettering department, which makes custom boat graphics and has a database of 7,400 monikers, first started tracking boat names. All of the remaining top five, Second Wind (#2), Reel Time (#3), and Hakuna Matata (#4, which means "no worries, troubles, problems or cares" in Swahili) have appeared on the annual list at least once, as well as #10, Pura Vida (which means "pure life").

Notable newcomers that made the list for the first time include Knot Working (#6), Life is Good (#7), Plan B (#8), and Second Chance (#9). "It's interesting to see how boaters creatively express their passion for the boating lifestyle through the name of their boat," said BoatU.S. President Nancy Michelman, "And these newcomers are perfect examples," she added.

Just in case you missed it, here are the Top Ten List of Most Popular Boat Names again:

1.) Aquaholic
2.) Second Wind
3.) Reel Time
4.) Hakuna Matata
5.) Happy Hours
6.) Knot Working
7.) Life is Good
8.) Plan B
9.) Second Chance
10.) Pura Vida

For more information log on to: www.BoatUS.com/boatgraphics



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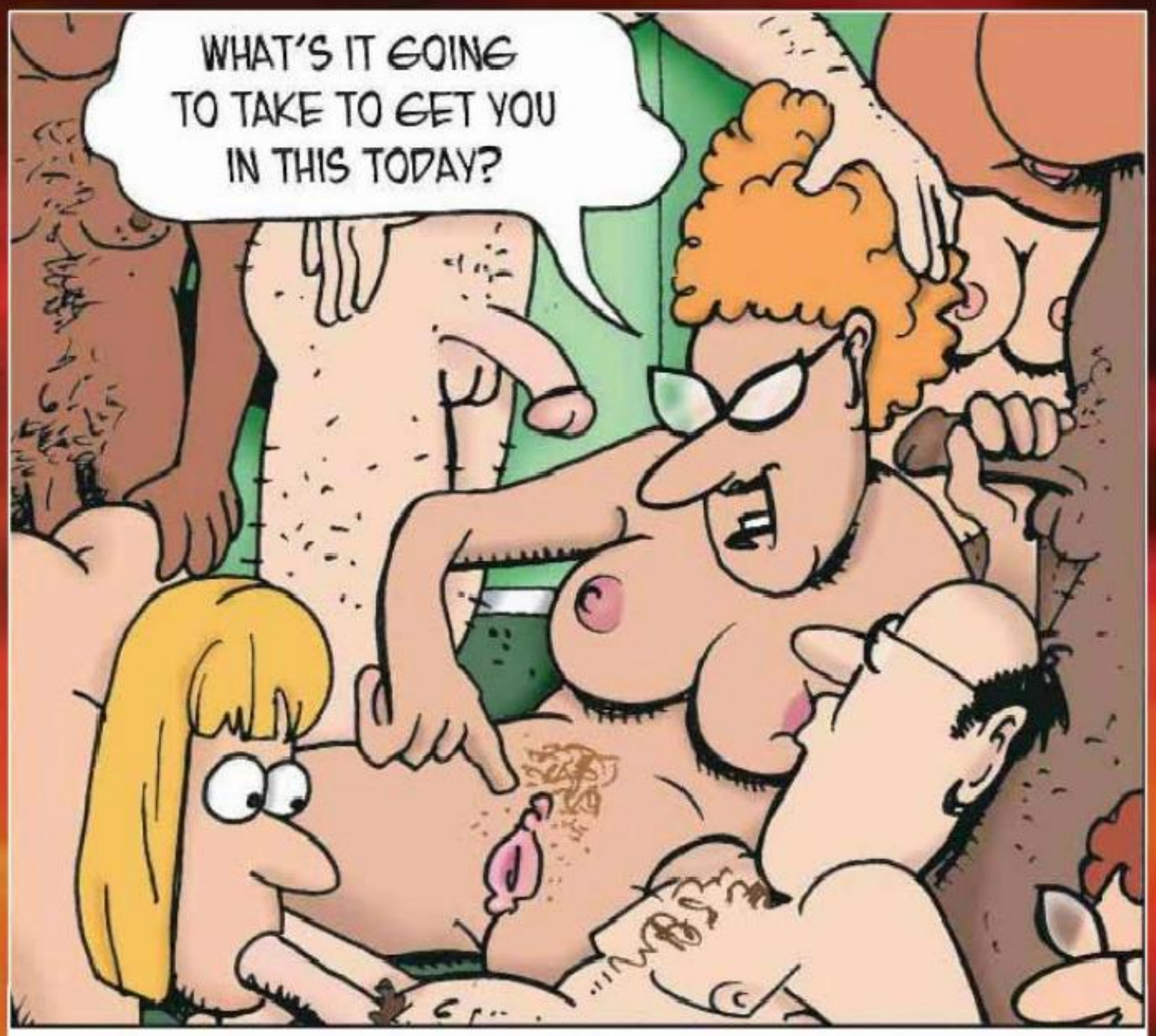

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LOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU MINE.

END

HARDCORE HELLCATS IN 3D

This month our friends from ***Shh3D.com*** introduce Brandi, a frisky farmer's daughter, for your in-depth inspection!

Using modern stereo-camera techniques, improved upon greatly since the heyday of 3D in the 1950's, ***Shh3D.com*** brings hips, lips, and comic strips to life each month online and only here in the pages of Swank.

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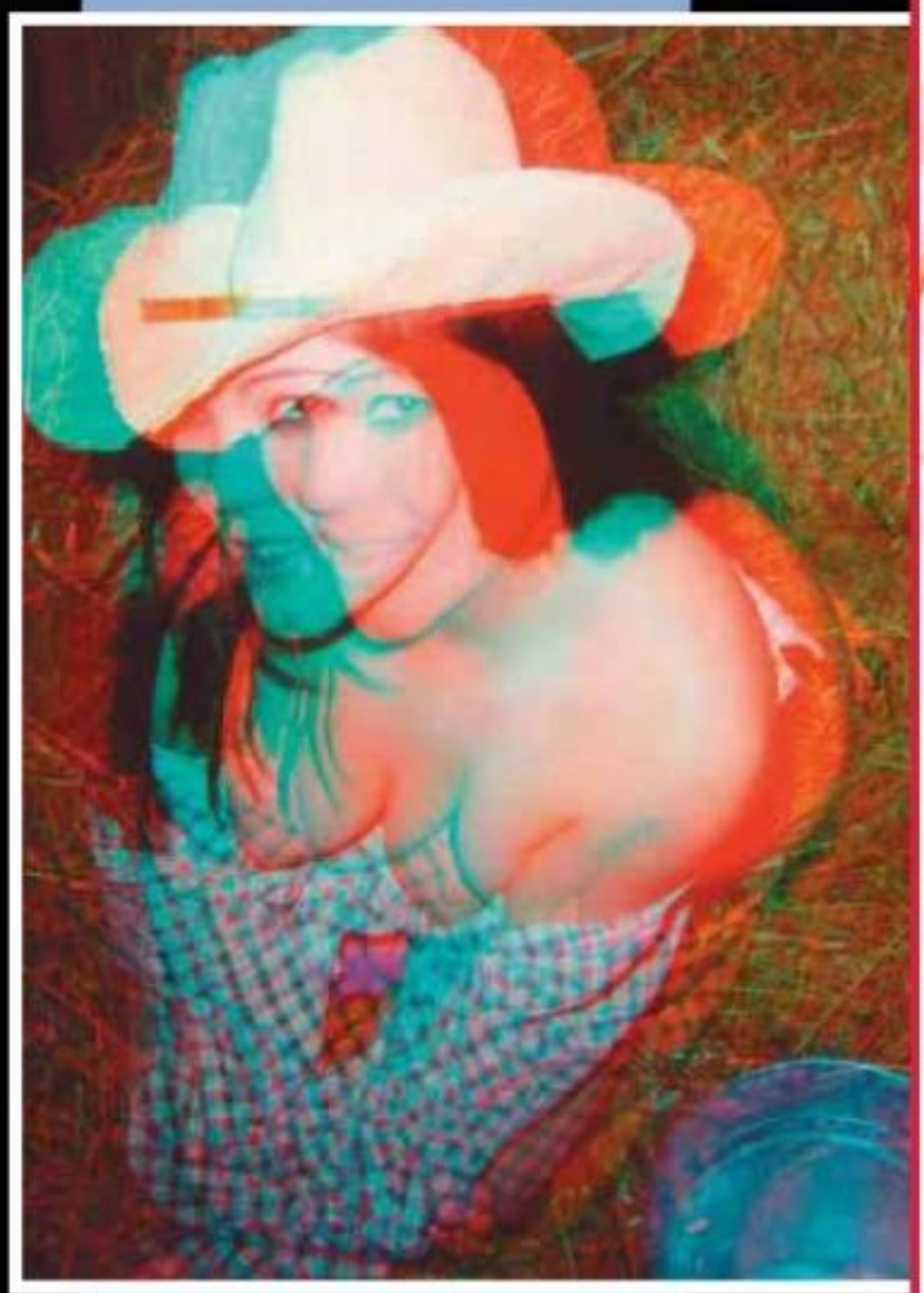

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Next month: Stacie Lynn offers you a taste!

22787
22914

Eva

22752

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RON AND MARY'S X-RATED PORN THEATER

COLON CZECH 3

STARRING: PATRICIE, JENNY, REAPLAY, NAHESA, JESSICA, MR. NICE, MICHAEL V.
DIRECTED BY: MR. NICE
AVAILABLE FROM: HEATWAVE
RUNNING TIME: 85 MINUTES

Opening with shots of nighttime Czech scenes the camera pans up a building to find the absolutely lovely, long legged brunette Patricie leaning out an apartment window. Mr. Nice, a long-haired blonde dude, eats her panty covered pussy as she strokes the back of his head. Her hot Eastern European moans will get you stiff and her pretty tight slit looks mighty tasty. Speaking of tasty, the itty-bitty-titty brunette jerks and sucks off the dude. Stripping naked she bends over the bed and is fucked from behind. On her back she moves her hips and shakes her ass while being plugged in the butt. Amen to these Eastern Euro anal sluts! A decent representation of the map of Hawaii is shot all across her back.

With no shirt on Jenny walks down the street with her perfect tits out. Once inside, her ass is on display clad in purple fullback panties. Down they come as a guy worships her backdoor and plump pussy. Up her ass the cock goes and the filthy raven-haired chick moans in dirty delight. After a vigorous ass pumping the guy dribbles a few shots of cum on her backside.

In a large tub, Reaplay, a dirty blonde, washes her cute body and shaven pussy. The blonde dude returns and eats her shaved snatch. In front of the wall mirror they start banging and it's really hot. The spirited frenetic fucking continues with Replay being supported in the guy's arms as he plows away. Leaning back he sits as she continues to relentlessly pumps her hips like an out of control fucking machine. God I'd give a nut to fuck this chick! Leaving the bathroom they go a nearby couch and she sucks and licks on his ballbag and asshole. Awesome anal that seems to go on forever followed by a nice spraying across her little tits.

A random dude fondles wicked hot redhead Nahesa, who is wearing only lacy panties as the action starts. He peels off her undies and goes down on the curvy bitch. She seems to like it up the ass more than her pussy, not that there is anything wrong with that. After some deep doggie anal he strokes off on her butt.

White panties are pulled off Jessica's curvy butt as a guy holds the cheeks open for inspection. Nice blowjob with some good groping leads in to standard banging that's sort of ho-hum. After the previous scenes this one comes off kind of tame. Looking for sexy Eastern European chicks who like to take hard cock up the ass and have no qualms getting really freaky? Colon Czech 3 is for you. –Louis Dierk

22162

ASIA NOIR 5

STARRING: ASIA, KIWI LING, NYOMI MARCELLA, SIERRA LYNN, TIA TANAKA
DIRECTED BY: DAVID AARON CLARK
AVAILABLE FROM: ETHNICITY FILMS
RUNNING TIME: 138 MINUTES

22132

Black on Asian is my absolute favorite porn subgenre. To be direct, there ain't nothing like seeing a petite Asian flower get slam fucked by a huge dark skinned man with a forearm for a cock. For my money it just cannot be beat.

Little Tia Tanaka gets deep dicked by the aptly named Dick James. They meet up in a men's bathroom and they immediately set the scene on fire with passionate kissing and even hotter clothing removal. Propping her up Dick munches on her tasty box and she plays with her own tits awaiting her turn at oral. Tia manages his thick snake well and delivers a satisfying blowjob. They start fucking in a seated position with her wrapped around his body like an expensive jacket. He mounts her from behind and nearly drives her through a wall with the ferocity of his thrusting. Tia gets a big splash of cum to her mug and she sucks his prick to clean up the remaining spunk.

Apparently she didn't have enough because Tia is the star of the following scene as well. This time Mr. Marcus gets a fat blowjob in the men's room and Tia dutifully swallows as much cum as she can.

A group scene with Nyomi, Kiwi, Guy DiSilva and Mr. Marcus chaes the oral bathroom scene in tremendous manner. The spit flies as the girls try their best to deep throat the guy's hogs. Both guys take turns munching pussy and finger banging their respective sluts. Nyomi is fucked first quickly followed by Kiqi taking the long dong down low. The guys pop at nearly the same time across the girl's upturned faces and into their wide-open mouths.

For whatever reason Tia takes on Sledge Hammer and Tyler Knight in the middle of a boxing ring. The gloves come off as Tia takes on both challengers in a no-hands cocksucking. The guys lock her up from the front and back and pump the little Asian full of dick. They never get to a real DP but Tia is literally stuffed with dick so it's not that serious an offense.

Guy DiSilva returns to fuck Sierra silly. This is a great scene between the two with lots of great positions and camerawork. Asia Noir #5 keeps the fucking fun and the pairings hot to create another successful chapter of the series. –Justin Oster

TEEN FETISH 2

STARRING: CHLOE MORGAN, GIANNA LYNN, JENAVEVE JOLIE, MICHELLE MAYLENE, PENNY FLAME, TIFFANY TAYLOR
DIRECTED BY: ANTON SLAYER
AVAILABLE FROM: BAD ASS PICTURES
RUNNING TIME: 120 MINUTES

Not to split hairs but none of these fine ass babes are teenagers anymore. Sure it's porn and we suspend disbelief but Penny Flame has been a "teen" for a few years now. Don't get me wrong Penny is the bomb. Love, love love me some Penny flame, but the petite firecracker is definitely in her twenties.

Now that's the teen thing was addressed we can get on with the wanking. Miss Penny graces the screen first and she sure does make an impression in her red mesh outfit. Lounging on a couch and teasing the camera Penny begins touching her clit and rubbing her tight little clam. Out comes the dildo that she sucks off to lube up and slide inside her juicy cunny. She's not working alone for long though, as her cocksman arrives to manhandle her perky titties. Things get kind of rough rather quick but Penny is totally into the fun. After a sloppy no hands cock-sucking, Penny has her own asshole licked out and sucked. Very hot stuff. The heat ramps up with more physical action between the two horny fuckers. A big open mouth cumshot winds down the great opening scene from two accomplished stars.

Michelle Maylene can FUCK! Although watching her play with herself will be enough for most viewers. Michelle beats up her pussy with a thick dildo before Marco interrupts her with an offer of the real thing. The sexy Asian gives her all to the scene and leaves everything out there as she becomes a sexual monster. Bending and contorting herself to satisfy her cocksman Michelle uses her body to full potential as she sucks fucks and moans her way to incredible orgasms. A fat load of cum across her cocoa colored titties is just reward for some quality on screen screwing.

Tiffany and Chloe each have tremendous scenes in their own right. Don't miss them! Teen Fetish 2 is aching to be brought home with you! –R. Harper

SQUIRT SHOWERS

STARRING: ARIA, ANA NOVA, CARMEN, AUSTYN, NINA HARTLEY, ANGELA STONE, ANNIE BODY, TIANNA LYNN, GWEN, HOLLY HOLLYWOOD
DIRECTED BY: ROSETTE KALASHNIKOV
AVAILABLE FROM: ADAM & EVE
RUNNING TIME: 165 MINUTES

This is a compilation of previously released scenes featuring sluts who squirt when fucked. Some claim it's piss, others claim it's female cum and I'm not sure whom to believe. They say seeing is believing and if you like watching slutty gals gushing orgasmic geysers then this DVD is for you.

There are excerpts from Nina Hartley's Guide to Female Ejaculation here and it was kind of cool that they were included on the DVD. Nina Hartley has been in porn for a long time and I always loved that beautiful butt of hers. Although this footage is done as more of self-help guide for curious housewives and crafty hubbies, I was glad that I finally got to see it for some sentimental reasons.

One thing I must warn you on is there are a couple of scenes featuring Aria and her clock stoppin' face. She has an iron-toned body like an uber-dyke rather than the kind of soft young fucktoy that I need. Luckily for me, this DVD had a few hot spritzin' sluts to select from most notably Carmen Luvana and Angela Stone in scene two.

Everybody should know Carmen Luvana by now because she's one of the more reliable wenches going through the porn trenches lately. She gets it on in a hot Sapphic threesome with Angela Stone and Alysa Knight. Lots of poolside making out with bikinis peeled aside to reveal boobs and holes until the tongues get flickering like crazy. Alysa Knight is a sexy brunette I haven't seen much of and she's a nice color contrast mixed with the other two blondes. Nipples are suckled and pussies get slurped to squirt girl spew all over the place in this wild scene.

A disturbing scene featuring this hirsute redhead named Annie Body then dissipated this bit of nymph nastiness. Sorry, I don't like my whores unshaven though I know that there are those with that freaky kink who'd worship this hairy whore, but hey that's their problem. Rick Masters goes to town on the orange carpet with a slit like a madman without morality.

The hot Holly Hollywood and some bitch named Gwen, are fucked by some knucklehead in a quality girl/girl/boy. The threesome finishes off in pussy juice showers. There is so much spraying going on in this DVD on that even a true rain-coater would need an umbrella. –Tony Snowblower

22164

FUCK MY TITS

STARRING: SARA STONE, ADRIANNA NICOLE, RYAAN REYNOLDS, VERONICA RAYNE, MISSY MONROE, ARIEL ALEXUS, KANDI KREAM, BEBE, HONEY, PIPER PARKER
DIRECTED BY: CHRIS CHARMING
AVAILABLE FROM: ELEGANT ANGEL
RUNNING TIME: 135 MINUTES

It is movies like these that renew my passion for pornography. Pretty faces, killer bodies and tremendous perfect tits are the ingredients to this perfect porn recipe. Add a dash of first class sluts and you have yourself a blue ribbon winning piece of art. Thank you Elegant Angel for reminding me why I got into porn in the first place!

If you have ever wanted to fuck your lady's big tits, this is a movie for you. Consider it a tutorial in all the ways you can slide your cock between her baby feeders. These guys do it all, and fuck some lovely titties in the process. Each scene is a winner and here are the highlights.

Ryaan Reynolds juggles her tits before taking off her shirt and showing the world her tanned tits. Love her tease. A can of whipped cream is sprayed all over her full set, and she uses the cock to serve up the sugary treat.

Sex personified or as she's known here, Ariel, is my favorite of the bunch. All natural, easy smile and the sexiest voice you'll hear all combine in a perfect chocolate package. I swear I could watch her undress and pull on her nipples all day and still walk away wanting more.

By no means should you skip a single chapter of this tit-fucking masterpiece. Every girl I s a winner and the tits on display here are some of the best in the business right now. Tit fans and tit-fucking fans unite; THIS is your movie! –Nelson Hood

FRESH FEMMES

STARRING: BAILEY BROOKS, BREA BENNETT, CODI MILO, EMILIANNA, FALLON SOMMERS, JEANIE MARIE SULLIVAN, JESSI SUMMERS, MALIBU, MICHELLE B., SONIA LOPEZ, VALERIE JACKSON
DIRECTED BY: ASTRUX
AVAILABLE FROM: FRESH FILMS
RUNNING TIME: 116 MINUTES

22155

Hot girls who dig making out and more with other equally hot and horny girls? Where do we sign up? Can I get a ticket for my friend? Fresh Femmes is a pure teen lesbian fantasy with plenty of licking, lube and toys to make you hard. Pop it in, pull the blinds and keep your whacking supplies close at hand. This one is going to be messy.

The setting may be rather spare, an empty garage, but these two sexy blonde sluts pack it with hotness. The girls kiss and lick each other slowly and naturally as they disrobe one another. Brea suckles at Codi's big tit as her tongue trails saliva down her taut belly. Brea gets on all fours as Codi peels off her tiny g-string and sticks her whole face into Brea's shaved cooch. Out comes the vibrator that is eased slowly in and out of Brea's wet cunt. A red dildo comes out for some dipping action in Codi's pussy. Both girls mount their fake pricks and bob up and down on them as they get themselves off and tongue-kiss each other to the fade out.

Blonde and brunette get frisky fast with plenty of groping and tongue kissing. The lingerie gets tossed aside as the pussy rubbing begins. Two dildos, one blue and one red, make an appearance before pounding some pussy. Being hygiene minded the girls suck the pussy juice off the dildos as the scene goes dark.

What's hotter than two blonde lesbians with insatiable libidos? Three lusty blondes of course! Malibu, Emilianna and Fallon let their hands wander all over each other as the tiny black panties disappear. It's almost always two on one with one lucky girl receiving alternating attention from the other girls. There is some of the sexiest pussy fingering of the movie, the intensity is so high you'll be jerking it like a caged primate. Lots of awesome 69ing and toy play as the blondes make sure everybody cums before it's all over.

Jessi Summers and Michelle B. act like old high school friends who happened to be without a real live dick for the night. These two are into each other in a very real way. More great girl-on-girl with some intense dildo play and fingering.

Finally, Jeanie Marie and Sonia start off a bit timidly but ramp up the heat as soon as both are nude. Nipples rub on clits and tongues lick assholes in some wicked lesbian action. Great toy play that culminates in loud orgasms and deep kissing. Get'em while they're hot! Get'em while they're fresh! –Louis R.

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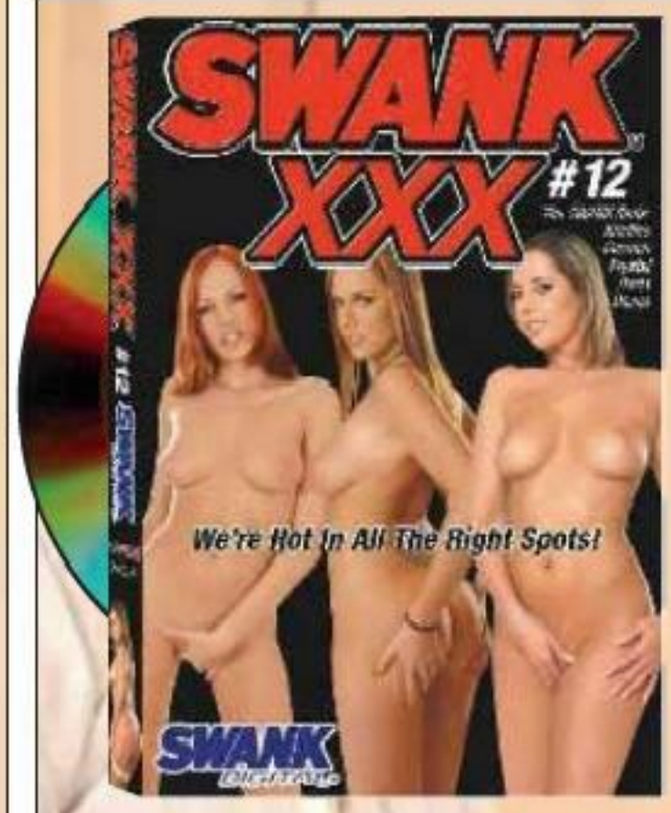

We had a feeling that sweet little Cherry wasn't quite as "cherry" as she may have looked when she signed on for ***SWANK XXX #12***! In fact, Cherry was a dirty little thing who loved to plugged full of cock and cum, and lucky for you, we were there to capture every slit-stuffing, ass-fucking second of her performance! Of course, we didn't stop with Cherry, we got all kinds of babes to do some freak nasty shit! There's ATM's, DP's, anal banging and more from our unbelievable award-winning series! Grab it tonight!

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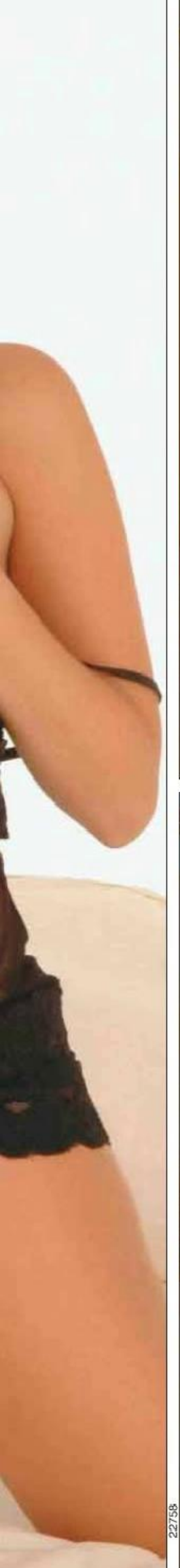

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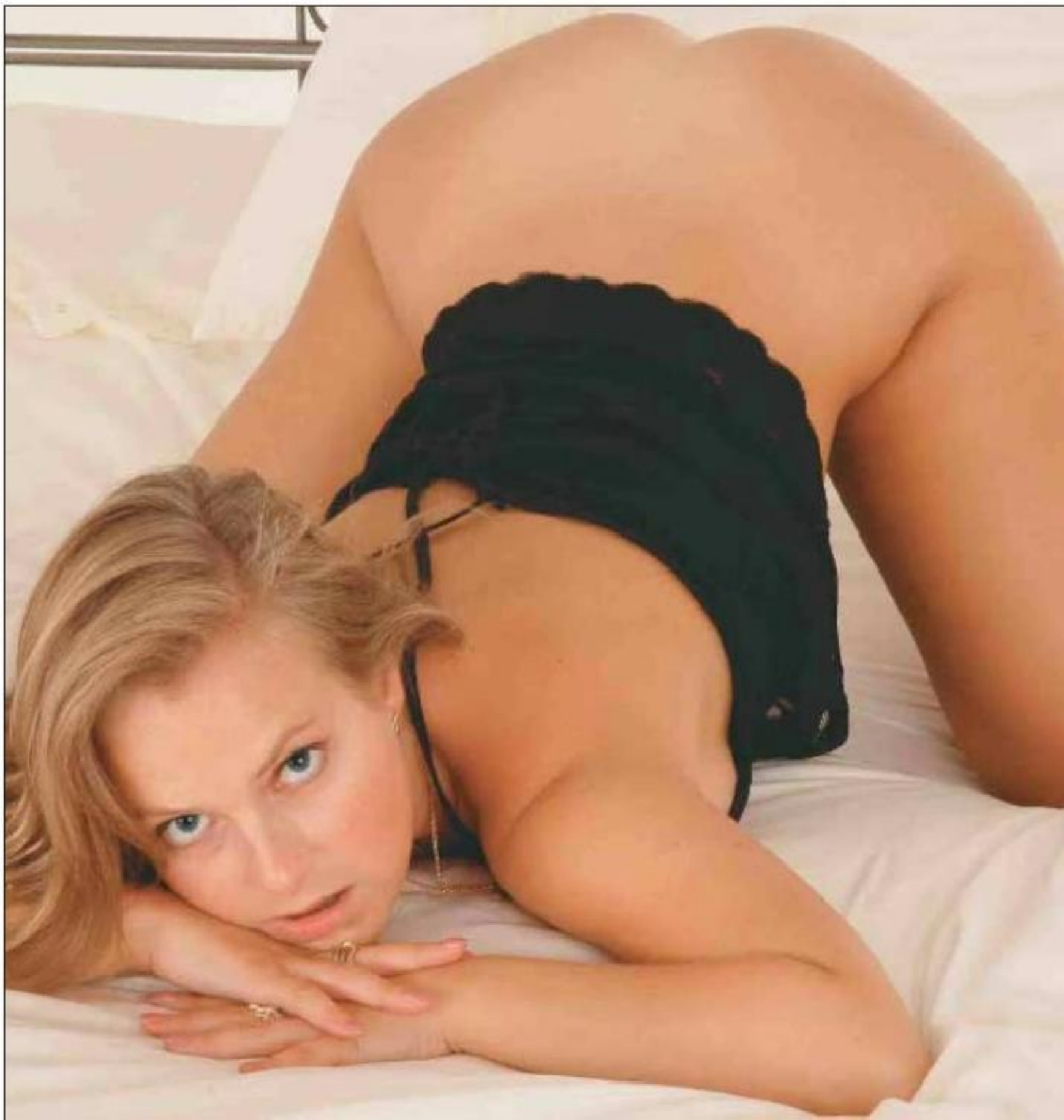

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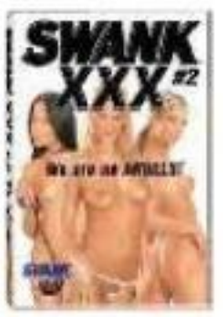
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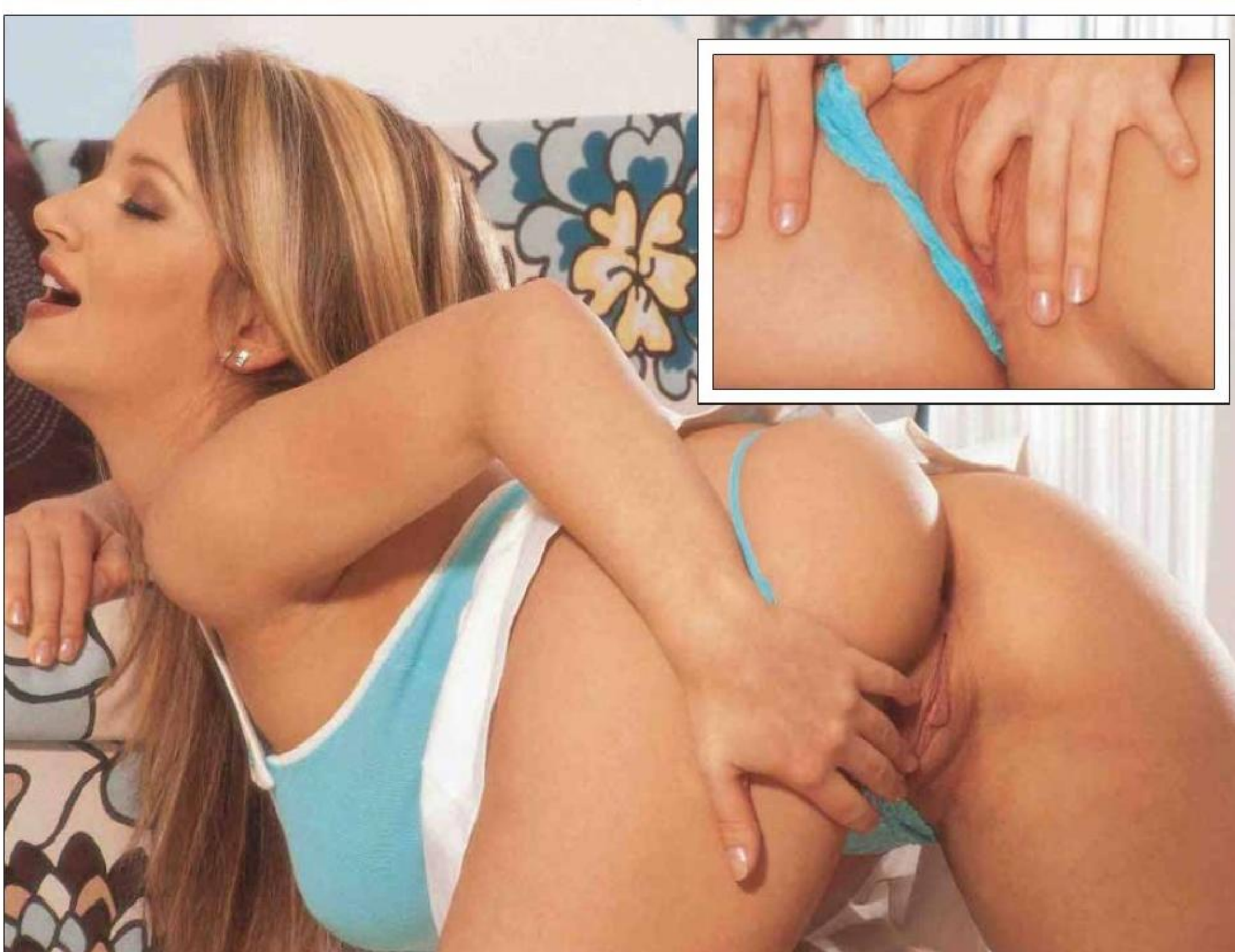

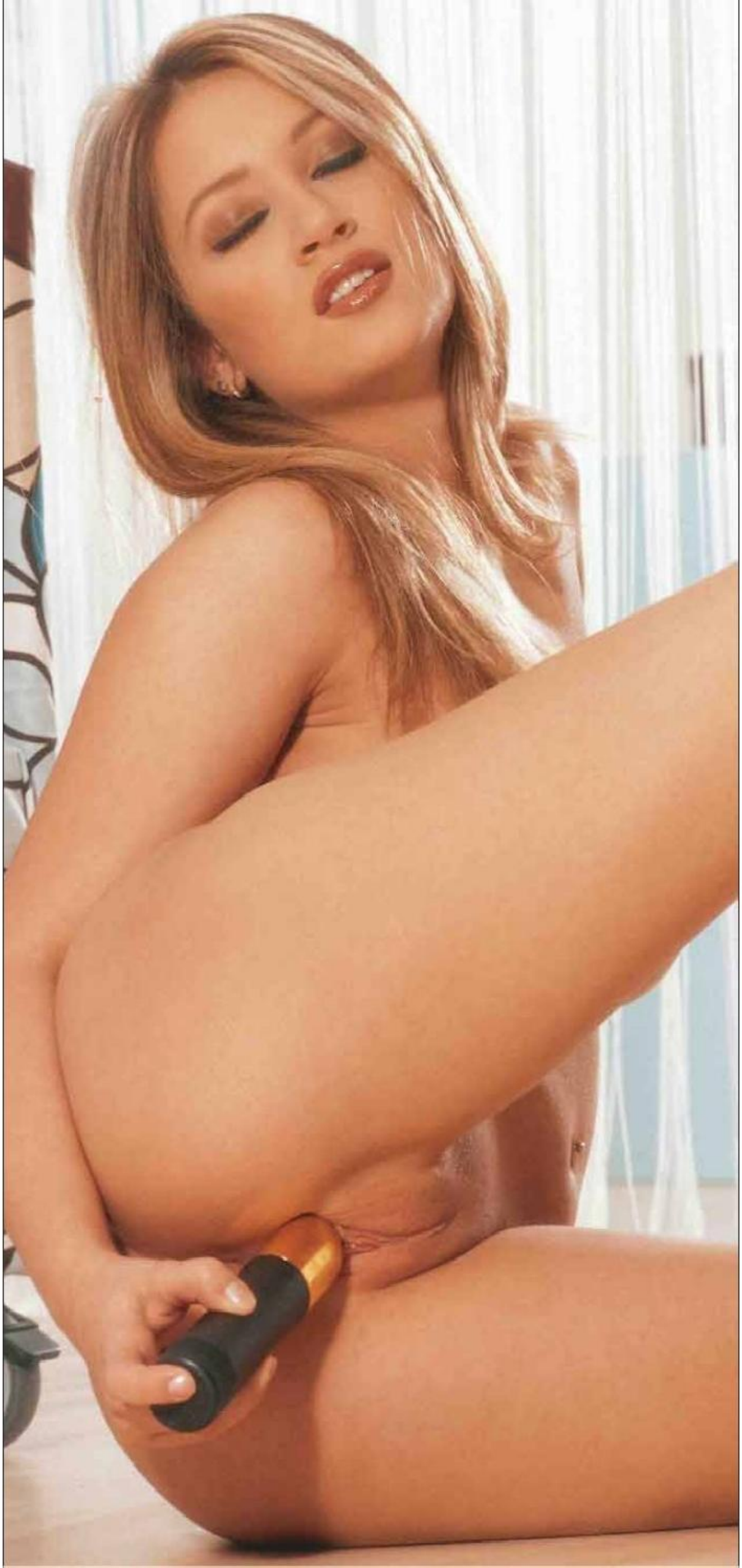

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